

Week ending December 19 1953

Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

VICTOR CANNING'S
THE MAN FROM THE TURKISH SLAVE

**Real-life exploits of the army's
Scotland Yard**

UNCLE FELIX, WE LOVE YOU

An enchanting story of
children at Christmas





20 for 3/7

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'THREE THREES'

CIGARETTES

made by State Express

"Sore throat?"

*"Not even in
your English
climate!"*

says

EVE BOSWELL



THE HUSKY voice of Eve Boswell, lovely South African singing star, is captivating audiences over here. That voice has to be guarded against the uncertainties of English weather.

How does she do this? With MAC Throat Sweets. She takes them at the first sign of throat irritation. And often, because they are so pleasant, merely as a precaution.

If you suffer from a sore throat, cough or catarrh, get a packet of these potent, palatable sweets. Get MAC Throat Sweets. They are so safe that children, too, can take them freely.

The medical reasons why MACs work

MACs kill dangerous, infectious germs because they contain Amyl-Meta-Cresol, a powerful germicide many times as strong as pure Phenol (R.W. Co-efficient 250). **MACs** lubricate the throat and freshen the mouth because they contain camphor, pure sugar and tincture of Tolu.

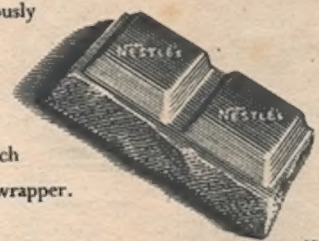
MACs help to reduce swelling and irritation of the passages where catarrh lurks, because they contain Menthol: you inhale it as the sweet dissolves.



NESTLÉ'S

*a very good name for
milk chocolate*

"It's gorgeous... it's heavenly... it's fabulously creamy" say teenage enthusiasts with sighs of delight! "It's very good milk chocolate," say Nestlé's with becoming modesty. There may be some in your shop today, so watch out for that tempting red and gold wrapper.



N3

"Look who's here!"



SANDEMAN PORT

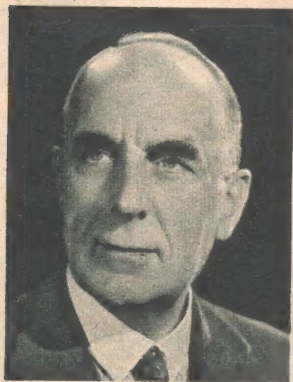
"You'll like it"

Flight of fancy

How busy outer space is these days! In come the flying saucers, packed with dome-headed sightseers from Venus. Out go the rocket ships with their space-suited crews of intrepid universe-explorers—or surely very soon will, after all that has been written about them.

Few of us have not gazed at the moon and the stars and itched to explore them. Now, the scientists are assuring us that some day we may.

THE Astronomer Royal, Sir Harold Spencer Jones, says: "From the scientific and engineering points of view, inter-planetary travel must be considered to be a practical possibility."



SIR HAROLD JONES
"Scientifically possible"

Space-planners agree on the broad outline of the most likely route to the planets. A rocket ship shot outside the earth's gravitation, they expect, would circle harmlessly in our orbit.

Once this unmanned satellite has got going on its silent, unending flight, relays of rockets will be sent up to it with bits of another space-ship which, when assembled, will make the big push to the moon.

On the moon, another such station will be established. Then even bigger space-ships will be assembled there to press on to Venus, Mars and all points to finity.

Already 25,000 people have booked flights to the moon. They are probably the sort of people who believe that it is better to travel hopefully than to arrive.

BUT there are one or two small snags before these Bexcursionists—or their descendants—will be able to use their tickets.

Nobody has the faintest idea where the money would come from to finance the building of rockets and space-ships and satellites. An attempt to get to the moon and back would probably cost as much as a modern war.

To shoot even a four-passenger space-ship free of the earth's gravitational pull would need a multi-stage rocket as big as an ocean liner.

And having got there, and having survived—for what would happen to the human body outside our atmosphere is unknown—the first men in the moon would face an even more difficult problem: how to get back.

NO, for the moment, it seems, we must confine our flights to those of fancy—which is where those flying saucers belong, too.

Though it must be admitted that space-suits, model rockets and other inter-planetary gadgets provide a useful answer to the problem of what to give the children this Christmas.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

It's all part of the annual Pre-Christmas plot and counter-plot, which dates back to the ancient Roman custom of making gifts for the New Year. Like most homes in Britain, Harry Zelinski's house at West-cliff, Essex, is bristling with secrets this week. "Between now and the twenty-fifth," he says, "everyone will succeed in pretending very hard that they don't know What is Where—until the piano emits squeaks instead of carols on Christmas Eve."



The Household Soap now made
by an entirely NEW process

New

PURITAN

keeps active hands attractive hands!

Gives more lather more quickly! New Puritan lathers instantly—even in cold water! Its richer, bigger lather shifts dirt more quickly—yet leaves your hands lovely and smooth!

Freshens your home! As soon as you use this new Puritan, you'll notice a lovely clean tang in the air. It's the new Puritan freshness—so pleasantly different from other soaps. For all those washing jobs, for all those cleaning jobs that soap does best—use the new Puritan. Your hands will be so grateful!

Not a brick, not a block... but a good-looking, handy tablet of household soap—*that's the new PURITAN!*



Ask for
PURITAN

—the gentle GREEN Soap
with Olive Oil

TWO TABLETS II^d

PU 134-454

CROSFIELDS (C.W.G.) LIMITED, WARRINGTON

When you buy paraffin

pick **PINK**

Aladdin Pink is Britain's premier paraffin for heaters, lamps and radiators. It gives a steady, smoke-free flame with no unpleasant smells. It leaves hardly a trace of char.

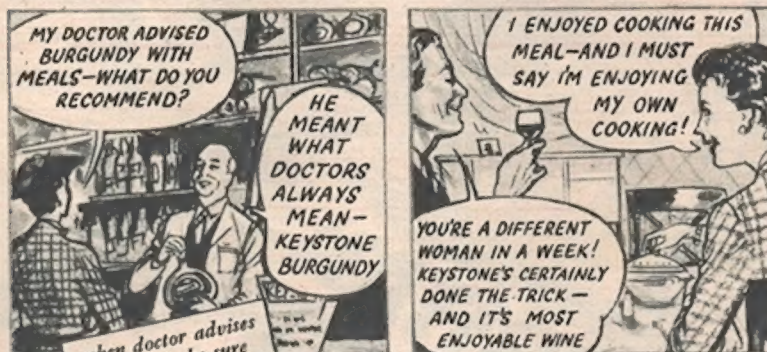


IDEAL FOR EVERY MAKE OF PARAFFIN-BURNING APPLIANCE

ALADDIN PINK

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TOO TIRED TO EAT YOUR OWN COOKING?



KEYSTONE
AUSTRALIAN BURGUNDY

STILL ONLY 11/6 A FLAGON
5/9 A HALF FLAGON
6d. extra deposit (returnable) on both sizes

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creates appetite,
makes every meal a banquet

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JOHN BULL 189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1
DECEMBER 19, 1953 VOL. 94 NO. 2477 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

**FREE
SPEECH**

The private
school was
snobbish

I DECIDED that my son would make an architect like his father. My wife, a lawyer's daughter, saw a great future for him as a barrister. We were agreed on one thing only—that he would get the best start in life at a state primary school.

Then we discovered that the local village school was gloomy, grossly overcrowded and without proper sanitation. So when our son was five, we sent him to a private school after all. Within a year we realized our mistake. The tuition was poor, and the child began to pick up some silly forms of petty snobbery and talk of "village children" as if he and his schoolmates were a race apart. There was only one solution: a clean break. We bought a house in a district where there was a bright, progressive primary school with a devoted staff. Now our son is getting sound instruction and a sensible training for life. He loves his school; he is doing well, and his special chums are the sons of a cowman, a doctor and a foreman bricklayer. — W. P. O. A., Buckinghamshire.

Bone To Pick



I TOOK my large bowl of bulbs from their dark corner and put them on the ottoman in the bedroom. When I went back to the room, I was horrified to find the bulbs uprooted and fibre scattered over the floor. Our little dog Janie was the only possible culprit. Resolving to chastise her later, I began to replant. Then I discovered the cause of the disaster. There, buried in the fibre, was Janie's bone. We live in a top-floor flat, and she had nowhere else to bury it. I could not be cross with her, but I made sure that the bowl's new site was well out of her reach. — Mrs. L. F., Southport.

Three's Company

NEARLY every night for the past eleven months a hedgehog has come to our porch to join our two cats in their supper. The visitor likes boiled fish and is particularly fond of bread and milk. Although it is eating their food, the cats are quite unperturbed by the presence of a guest. The hedgehog has never been seen in the day, and ours is the only house it comes to. The onset of winter has not interrupted its programme, though I have always understood that hedgehogs are hibernating creatures. — E. M. MASON, Neath, Glamorganshire.

This hedgehog was probably kept from its winter sleep by the warm weather late in the year and the regular supply of food.

Christmas Preview

FOR as far back as I can remember, my mother always had her Christmas presents ready before anyone else. When my sister and I were children, she would start collecting small toys

for our stockings several weeks in advance and hide them about the house. But my father just could not let them remain hidden until Christmas. When Mother went out, he showed us each new addition to the store. We were sworn to secrecy, of course, and promised not to tell Mother that we had seen our gifts. But we must have lost much of the joy of Christmas morning, because we both knew the contents of the bulging stockings which we were unpacking. — Mrs. E. C. N., London.

Formerly James

I WAS intrigued to learn ("Consider Your Verdict," November 21) that a Christian name can almost never be changed legally. Until I left school, I was always known as James Lloyd Tabron—my baptismal name. But I found that, by some error, I was registered at birth as Edward Lloyd Tabron. The official told my mother that my only correct name would be Edward Lloyd (formerly James) Tabron. Ever since, although known

JOHN BULL

will be on sale next week
on Tuesday, December 22

as Jimmy. I have signed myself Edward Lloyd. Although I served six years in the forces as Edward Lloyd, I'm wondering if Edward (formerly James) Lloyd will ever be called up. — E. L. TABRON, Kirkstone Road, Chesterfield, Derbyshire.

Two In Harmony

I REMEMBER as a girl watching my grandfather teaching a canary to sing by playing on a bamboo pipe. Recently, I bought a canary myself, and decided to try the same method. The lessons delighted my little daughter, and she asked if she could join in, too. The girl and the canary make an enthusiastic pair. I am now teaching them to sing "Three Blind Mice" as a duet. — Mrs. L. PARR, The Drive, Ridgway, Wimbledon, London, S.W.20.

Here's Hoping

MY husband is just getting over a nasty attack of flu. A few days ago a friend brought him a beautiful box of fruit, with a card wishing him a speedy recovery. Printed on each side of the box were the words: "Wreaths and crosses made at the shortest notice." — Mrs. C. BOTTOMLEY, Birmingham, 41.

Not For Sale

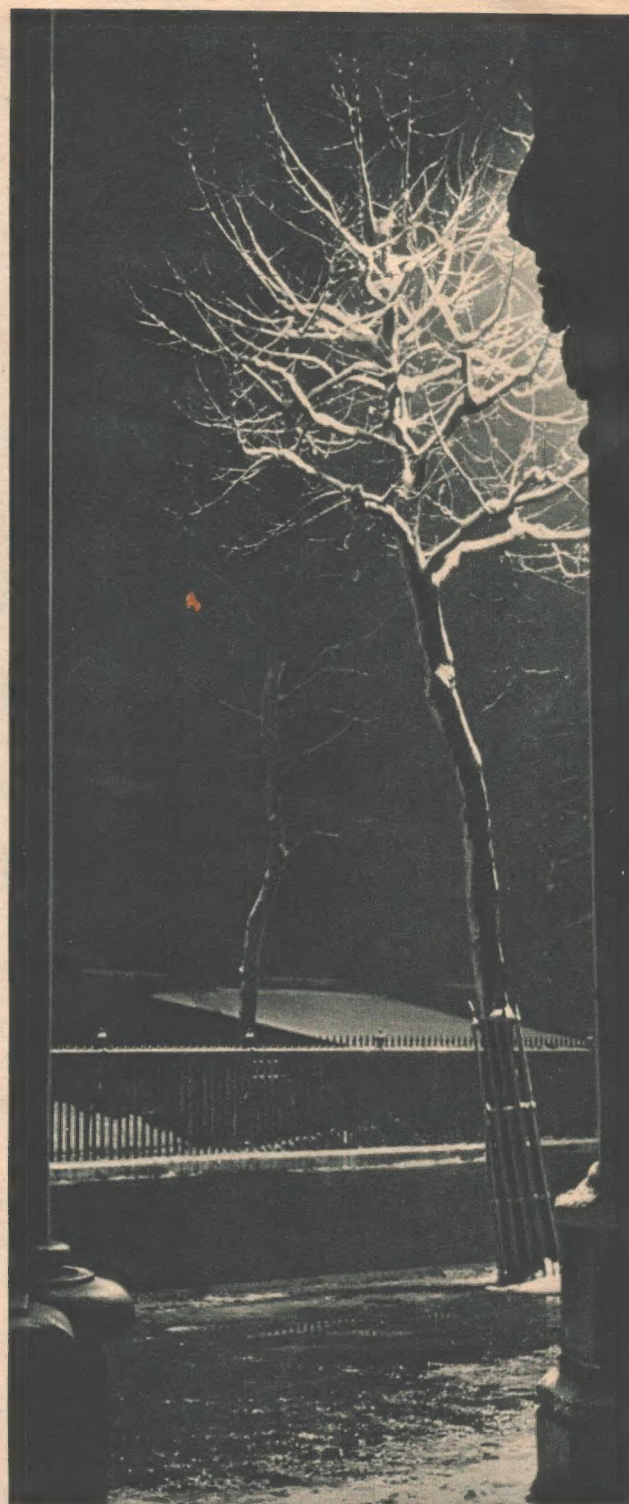
WHILE standing in a crowded store on a busy Saturday afternoon, my brother-in-law was astonished to feel his coat being handled and examined in a most expert manner. Someone was studying its texture and weight, and feeling the lining. He cleared his throat and looked round to see an embarrassed woman shopper step back in dismay. They both laughed, and she stammered out her apologies. Now, when they pass in the town, they exchange smiles. My brother-in-law often wonders whether the woman thinks of him as "the dummy man." — G. F. S., Gloucestershire.

My Dear Watson

I FOUND a policeman standing by my car. He told me that it had been parked for an hour on a road where

Continued on page 6

YOU CAN TAKE
**FACES &
PLACES**
EVEN IN WINTER



**ILFORD
HP3
FILM**

With an Ilford HP3 film in your camera, you can still take Faces and Places just as easily and just as successfully as in summer.

This very fast panchromatic film, which fits all popular cameras, makes photography possible, indoors and out, all through the winter months.

ILFORD FILMS FOR FACES AND PLACES ALL THE YEAR ROUND



Sooner or later you'll hear it said...

We'd gone round to Mary's new house for supper and a game of cards, and there was Dad making sarcastic remarks to Peter about 'gossiping women'—but Mary and I pretended not to hear.

Well, I mean to say, when you've just been admiring a lovely new kitchen the big topic of conversation is COOKING,

and I must say Mary knows what she's talking about. She mentioned one thing that I'm constantly hearing: 'When I'm making stews or pies or casserole dishes', she said, 'I always pop in an OXO Cube—it gives them such a rich, beefy flavour'.

How right she was—and that goes for soups and gravies, too.



Where there's cooking

there's

OXO



HAYWARD BROS. LTD., FINE QUALITY PICKLES, MONTFORD PLACE, KENNINGTON, S.E.11

FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

the maximum waiting time was fifteen minutes. When I disagreed with him, he pointed to the dry road surface underneath the car, and said that it had been raining continuously for more than an hour. It was lucky that I remembered that, when I had parked a quarter of an hour previously, I moved on to a dry space which another vehicle had just vacated. The policeman accepted my explanation at once.—F. BAINBRIDGE, Upton, Poole, Dorset.

Silent Films

I WAS interested by the "Free Speech" letter about the young man who gave a football commentary to a blind man. I have a friend who is a deaf mute. Until her husband's death, she used to make regular visits to the cinema. She could hear nothing, but he acted as her ears. He would tap out the dialogue on to her outstretched hand at such a speed that she could easily follow the sequence of events in the film.—G. R. MATTHEWS, Seacombe Avenue, Cullercoats, North Shields, Northumberland.

Bargain Price

RECENTLY I decided to sell my stamp collection. When I checked with an up-to-date catalogue I found that I had some quite rare and fairly valuable issues. Taking half the catalogue value of each stamp, I calculated that, not counting several hundred common stamps, my collection was worth about £50. The first

dealer I went to glanced casually through my album and offered me fifteen shillings. Altogether I visited twelve shops in different towns, and the highest offer I got was twenty-five shillings. But a philatelic club which I consulted told me that my £50 estimate was a very modest one.—D. C., Sussex.

The values of stamps are not fixed; they differ according to supply and demand. A stamp-dealer's catalogue, like a seedsman's catalogue, indicates nothing more than the prices the firm charges for its goods. When a dealer buys a stamp, he will consider its condition, his chance of finding a market for it and the profit he would need to make. His final offer may easily be very much smaller than his catalogue price for the stamp.

First Essential

MAY I add to the suggestions for wooing sleep which have appeared in "Free Speech"? The essential is to produce a yawn—if that can be done sleep follows quickly. My method is to take a deep breath and hold it while I count out twenty seconds. Repeat this several times and a yawn comes quite easily. A soothing period of general ease follows, and you are soon asleep.—F. P. M., Lancashire.

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed, and at usual rates for readers' photographs. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

He served with the S.I.B.



Mr. Pleavin at the Special Investigation Branch's headquarters in Haifa, in 1943

NORMAN PHILLIPS'S series, "Detectives In Khaki," interests me greatly, for I played a considerable part in the activities of the Special Investigation Branch in the Middle East.

I joined the S.I.B. in Cairo in April, 1942, and my first assignment was to set up a section in Basra. Late in 1942, I was posted to Syria, where I took over as Deputy Assistant Provost Marshal—the Assistant Provost Marshal was Major Phil Atfield, now a detective-sergeant with the special branch of the C.I.D.

During this period, we solved no fewer than five murders. One of these cases involved a dangerous but likeable character in R.E.M.E., who at the last helped the nervous warder to adjust his handcuffs and went to the scaffold like a man.

Another case concerned possibly the greatest drug-running organization in the Middle East, led by Raschid Mukhadem—candidate for the presidency of Syria—and a British officer in charge of a mobile laundry.

It took me two days to record the officer's statement, and when he was arrested on the Palestine-Syria frontier [see JOHN BULL, December 12] I recovered £E9,600 which he was carrying.

During many of his frontier crossings, he carried a girl in a closed compartment at the rear of his car. I well remember that when arrested he was suspected of carrying diamonds and of having swallowed them.

In November, 1943, I was Assistant Provost Marshal in

Alexandria. Activities there were not so dangerous as in Palestine, but I shall always remember my chase after one extremely notorious character.

He was an absentee who had evaded us for some time, and we eventually tracked him down to a girl friend's house in a suburb. I jumped through the window after him, and collected a fractured arm and foot.

The boys of the S.I.B. presented me with a parachute badge which he had worn illegally on his uniform.—H. D. PLEAVIN, Canadian Avenue, Hoole, Chester.

... During the final stages of the war in Italy the S.I.B. put detectives on trains to stop deserters stealing kit from soldiers and throwing the loot out to waiting civilians. I remember that one S.I.B. sergeant left his compartment, and came back to find the door securely tied from the inside. The corporal who had offered to guard the sergeant's belongings had gone through the window—with the kit.—P. G. McVEIGH, Edinburgh, 11.

... Native pilfering from army camps had its funny side. On one occasion during the North African campaign three padres and four batmen awoke to find that they did not possess an article of clothing between them.—J. E. RAINE, Airdrie, Lanarkshire.

Part four of "Detectives in Khaki" begins on page 18.



***"I'd never go back
from Electricity
to old-fashioned cooking now!"***

IT WAS John's Mother who really made me decide to use electricity! John was always praising her cooking, and she was always praising her electric cooker.

Now I can see why! It's so easy to regulate the heat for perfect cooking. And oh the delight of keeping a clean kitchen: no grimy stains on the walls and ceiling now.

And aren't I glad we decided to have that immersion heater put in right at the start! Gallons of hot water whenever we need it! And no trouble at all—not with electricity in the house!"

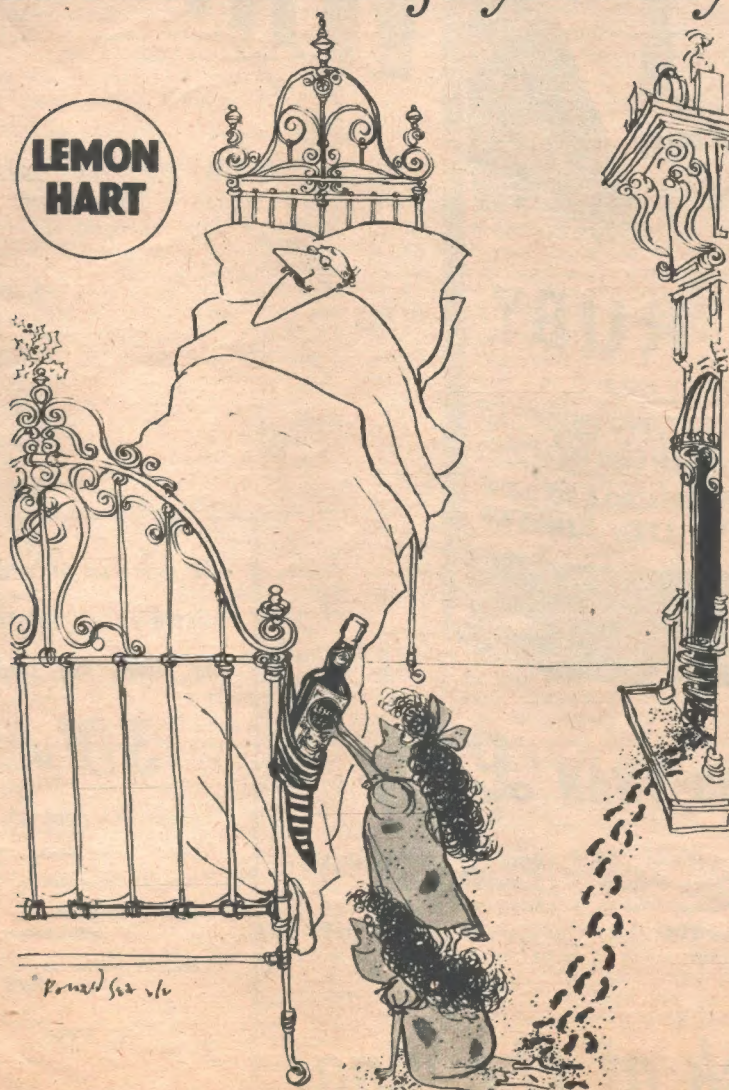
For friendly advice and information, go to your Electricity Showrooms or Service Centre. They will be glad to help you. They can also let you have details about easy payments—and the new free book, full of useful ideas for saving work, **ELECTRICITY IN YOUR KITCHEN**; or write for a copy to E.D.A., 2 Savoy Hill, London, W.C.2.

ELECTRICITY
a Power of Good

"I can use my grill boiler for scones or pancakes"

KDA/GB

Have a GOOD RUM for your money



**LEMON
HART**

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*There's
real *
GINGER
in it!*

* Yes, Stone's Ginger Wine is made from real Jamaican ginger—made to the same formula originated in 1740.



STONE'S
ORIGINAL
GINGER WINE



Enjoy also Stone's Orange Wine and Stone's Rich Raisin Wine. 7/6 per bottle

Wonderful Value...



Wonderful



Wine...

LOOK! YOUR CHRISTMAS WINE FOR LESS THAN £1

1 Bottle VP Rich Ruby 6/-
1 Bottle VP Sweet White 6/-
1 Bottle VP British Sherry 7/9
Total 19/9

1 Bottle VP *** Rich Ruby 9/6
1 Bottle VP *** British Sherry 9/6
Total 19/-

1 Bottle VP Rich Ruby 6/-
1 Bottle VP Sweet White 6/-
1/2 Bottle VP British Sherry 4/-
1/2 Bottle VP Old Brown British Sherry 3/3
Total 19/3

1 Bottle VP Rich Ruby 6/-
1 Bottle VP Sweet White 6/-
1 Bottle VP Ginger Wine 7/-
Total 19/-

1 Bottle VP *** Rich Ruby 9/6
1 Bottle VP Ginger Wine 7/-
1/2 Bottle VP Rich Golden British Sherry 3/3
Total 19/9

If you can afford a little extra, all this is yours for under

30/-

1 Bottle VP *** Rich Ruby 9/6
1 Bottle VP Sweet White - - 6/-
1 Bottle VP Ginger Wine - - 7/-
1/2 Bottle VP Old Brown British Sherry 3/3
1/2 Bottle VP Rich Golden British Sherry 3/3
Total 29/-

take your pick from the pick of the vine!



I saw the world whizzing past at a million miles an hour. Then the sledge screamed as it left the piled-up snow and went skidding up to the sky

Uncle Felix, we love you

by ALAN WYKES

We had bitterly humiliated him, and we wanted to make amends. With the blizzard, I saw a chance—and the thought of it scared me stiff

FATHER WAS IN IRAQ working for the oil-works, and Mother went out to him later because, Aunt Grace said, a wife's place is by her husband's side. The climate in Iraq is unsuitable for children; so in summer we lived by the sea with Aunt Grace and in winter we went north to Uncle Felix. Aunt Grace sent us up every year on the first of December with James in charge, to teach us self-reliance; and Uncle Felix sent us back on the first of June with half a crown to the guard as a thanks-offering for a good riddance.

The snow always came about Christmas, but sometimes it wasn't thick enough for the long

run until January, so we always waited until the New Year before we got the sledge out.

It was Rita who discovered the long run. She was nine that year and James was eleven and I was seven. That morning in winter, Aunt Mildred, who was Uncle Felix's wife and tinkled with beads and ear-rings, stood at the gate waving to us all the way up the short hill that faced the house. We were all three pulling the sledge. The wind whipped our coloured scarves up, and as we turned to wave back they streamed out like torn maypole ribbons.

There was the house, long and grey and no

bigger than a bootbox, with the brass plate, FELIX BRADSTREET, M.R.C.V.S., on the gate, standing alone in the dale. The snow was everywhere, thick. The road leading down to the back of the house from the other hillside was perforated with the footmarks of people who'd brought animals along to Uncle Felix, and the two telephone wires were strung out over the dale, curved with the weight of snow on them.

When we got to the top we stood and listened, and for a minute there were three nice sounds all together: there was the wind going giddy all across the hills and blowing the snow up like dust from the black gorse; there was the rush

Continued on page 37

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES WOOD

Pestilence strikes at Farmer Morris

by REX GRIZELL

The vets confirmed that it was foot-and-mouth disease. He knew that every animal on Foliejon Park Farm must die

IT WAS EIGHT O'CLOCK on a fresh December morning in 1951. On the farm in the fold of a Berkshire hillside which Stanley Morris had worked for more than twenty-five years, the cattle were being turned out to graze. He watched another cow amble through the yard towards the pasture, and suddenly called to his son: "I don't like the look of that beast, Brian. Bring her back, will you?"

A closer look at the cow showed nothing the matter with her. But Morris was still suspicious, so he sent for the veterinary surgeon at once. Within twenty minutes the Ministry of Agriculture's local veterinary officer arrived at Foliejon Park Farm, having cut short his breakfast. There had been an outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease at a nearby farm, and he knew that Farmer Morris feared this might be a "spread."

Together they examined the cow, looking for the symptoms—a high fever and blisters on the tongue, inside the mouth and on the feet. The animal did have a high temperature, but there was no sign of blisters. The vet decided to consult his superior. He made a telephone call and within a quarter of an hour the chief district veterinary officer of the Ministry had arrived.

Even as the farmer and the vets gathered

round the cow, the blisters began to form in her mouth. It was foot-and-mouth disease; there could be no doubt.

"Shoot her!" said Morris.

"You can't have her shot now. She hasn't been valued yet."

"Never mind. There's a herd of pedigree Jerseys just across the road. We can't risk a further spread. Shoot her now!"

The cow was shot. That was the beginning. The Ministry vets inspected all the other animals on the farm without finding any more with symptoms of foot-and-mouth. This meant that, although the animals would all have to be killed as contacts, the meat could be salvaged for human consumption.

At nine o'clock the next morning the slaughtermen arrived. Three tripods were set up in one shed and there three gangs worked on the sheep; across the yard three more gangs worked on the cattle. All day long the concrete yard was running with blood and piled with the entrails of the slaughtered animals, and the smell of blood was heavy on the air.

By midnight of the same day, December 3, eighty-three cattle, including thirty-seven in-calf heifers, and one hundred and thirty sheep, many due to lamb on December 12, had



A farming family fights back from disaster.

been killed, cleaned and packed away in the Smithfield lorries. Not a cow or a sheep was left alive on the farm. An excavator had arrived to dig the pit to take the carcass of the diseased animal and all the refuse from the slaughter. The first part of the job was finished.

As soon as infection had been confirmed the Ministry, in addition to ordering the slaughter, had imposed restrictions to stop the spread of the disease. It had sent telegrams to the local authorities defining an area of fifteen miles radius round the farm.

The movement of animals into, within, and out of that area was restricted; the holding of markets or sales, except of animals for immediate slaughter, was forbidden. All hunting and troop movements across open country within the area were banned. Men whose work took them into the fields, such as telephone and cable linemen, were notified and asked to restrict their movements as much as possible.

Policeman Guards Gate

For all practical purposes, Morris's home was isolated. The baker and the grocer had to leave their goods on the road two hundred yards from the farmhouse. All unauthorized people had to keep off the premises, and a policeman was posted on the gate night and day.

When the killing was over the entire premises had to be thoroughly disinfected in accordance with Ministry instructions. Morris was put in charge of these operations. The following day twenty soldiers were brought in as a cleaning-up squad. At the gate they changed into gum-boots; the long job began.

Buildings were scrubbed to a height of ten feet with a hot solution of caustic soda. Chains, mangers, and everything movable was put in a bath of disinfectant. The soldiers worked systematically through every shed, pulling away loose boards, clearing away loose straw from behind them, taking it all to burn. The virus is so persistent that a piece of old harness or a length of rope overlooked might have led to a fresh outbreak later.

The feeding stuffs were covered with



During tests at the government research institute at Pirbright, Surrey, a cow under anaesthetic has its tongue marked for an injection. After handling cattle, scientists are sprayed with disinfectant



Morris and his sons walk in the field where their Shorthorns were valued before slaughter. Now beef cattle graze, and there are plans for a new dairy herd

taraulins in the form of a tent and disinfectant candles were burnt underneath.

People whose work took them on the farm had to take off their shoes at the gate and put on disinfected gum-boots. On the way out there was a trough of disinfectant to walk through. The manufacturers of disinfectants recognized this market for their products years ago, but their salesmen did not always realize the ease with which the highly contagious disease spreads.

John Salter Chalker, now chairman of the National Farmer's Union committee on animal diseases, and a neighbour of Morris in Berkshire, remembers an incident which occurred on his farm some years ago. A nearby farmer had foot-and-mouth among his cattle, and as Salter Chalker had three pedigree herds he was naturally very worried. One morning during the outbreak he met a stranger walking between the stalls in the cowshed. "What are you doing here?" he asked.

"I've come to sell you some disinfectant to stop you getting foot-and-mouth," said the young man brightly. "I'm going to all the farms. Your neighbour down the road has taken lots of it."

Salter Chalker's reaction at the time was that the man should have been slaughtered with the beasts in the infected herd.

At Foliejon Park Farm the whole job of disinfection took two weeks to complete. For the family the routine was severe. The clothes of the farmer and his men were fumigated in an air-tight shed; each day they were provided with freshly laundered overalls. To Morris's wife, Bessie, it seemed that the family was breathing and eating disinfectant. No one came to see them, and no visits could be made, least of all upon farming friends. The youngest son was due for an operation. It had to wait.

The precautions extended to the cats; three of them, with a small army of kittens, were shut up in an old granary for fourteen days.

In the evenings the soldiers left, and Morris was alone with the silence. Through the first shock he had remained calm, but now the emptiness of the farm began to prey upon his

nerves. He walked in the deserted yard, going from time to time to the vacant stalls, or sat indoors staring into the fire, unable to make any plans for the future.

The Morris family had farmed in Bucks and Berks for two hundred years. Five times in the eight years since the war he had won the Royal Forest Agricultural Association's cup for the best farm in the district. In all that tradition of farming, his family had never received a blow like this.

"When you've lived years with the same animals," he says, "you listen for them. You can tell by sound where they are and almost what they're doing. Nobody who has not bred and tended their own beasts can realize what it means to step outside the house and hear nothing—not a cough, not the stamp of a foot, not a chain rattling, nothing." Everything he had worked for was lost in that silence.

At the end of two weeks a Ministry inspector called and the farm was given a clean bill of health.

Restrictions were lifted, but Morris found that he did not feel like introducing dairy cattle at once. Although he was told there was very little risk of his pastures holding the virus, he decided on a two-year corn growing programme. Then he would sow grass again and, confident of absolutely clean pastures, his sons would restart the herd.

The Man Who Kept A Sow

Foot-and-mouth disease, which brings tragedy to farmers and is feared by governments, is caused by a virus which attacks cattle, sheep, pigs, goats and wild cloven-hoofed animals such as deer. Horses are not affected. The speed with which an epidemic develops is due to the fact that foot-and-mouth is the most contagious disease known to human or veterinary medicine.

Experiments have proved that the virus can be carried from farm to farm by animals not themselves affected by the disease, such as rabbits, foxes, farm dogs and cats, or on the clothes or the boots of farm workers.

One of Morris's men kept a sow and a few

pigs; because he worked on a farm where foot-and-mouth had been confirmed, the Ministry ordered them all to be slaughtered. Infection may be carried on the milk lorry or the van taking cattle to market or the railway truck moving them to another part of the country.

During 1952, some calves in transit were fed on rail at Crewe on infected milk which had come from a farm where the disease was not even suspected. They took the virus north with them and started an outbreak in Scotland.

Birds Started Epidemic

The virus can be airborne on the feathers of birds. In the autumn of 1951, foot-and-mouth was rampant in Holland and Belgium at a time when hundreds of thousands of starlings and other birds were collecting on their coasts for the autumnal migration to the British Isles. Starlings habitually feed within a few inches of the noses of grazing cattle and frequently perch on their backs.

Some of these birds almost certainly started the epidemic which began near the coast of Essex and Yorkshire on November 14, 1951, and thence spread to more than forty counties in England, Scotland and Wales.

In frozen meat the virus can survive for as long as a hundred days. A few years ago a farmer's wife bought a joint of imported meat which, on returning home, she placed on a chair near the door while she took off her hat and coat. While her back was turned, a sow from the farmyard smelt the joint of meat and ate it.

Within a fortnight the pig had foot-and-mouth. The joint was almost certainly the cause of the outbreak.

Britain is obliged to import meat. In some of the countries from which she has to obtain supplies, such as Argentina, foot-and-mouth is widespread, so that nowadays rigorous tests are applied to ensure that no infected meat is brought into the country.

Sometimes the spread of the disease is a result of the difficulty of diagnosis at an early stage. A veterinary surgeon was called to

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HUSBAND OF THE LADY ALISHA

by CHARLES B. CHILD

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

He had the gun, he had the motive—and he'd been seen running from the scene of the murder . . . yet Inspector Chafik was not satisfied

MAHMUD ALI, a beggar of Baghdad, who had his pitch on the Street of the Servant of the Prophet, was roused by the birds that swarmed into the city as the hot day ended. Their fluting disturbed his slumbers, and he cursed them as he looked up.

The brilliant sunset was fading in the high desert sky, and the flat roofs and tiled domes of the city were becoming cloaked in shadows.

And then a young man in ragged clothes raced by, with arms extended, chest heaving and wide-set eyes staring. The fleeing figure had

come and gone in a moment, and only the beggar was left in the narrow street.

He runs from fear, thought Mahmud Ali. Yes, he runs from fear—and I know that one. . . .

He grasped his cudgel and peered about. It was a business neighbourhood, and the offices were dark, except for a suite in a nearby building where a light had just come on. A breeze from the river scattered some rubbish that littered the street, and moved on. The silence became oppressive.

All at once a door slammed, and there was the clatter of feet. A thin voice shouted: "Help!"

Then, deepening with emotion, the voice called: "Murder!"

The beggar picked up the cry and amplified it, shouting: "Murder! Murder! Police! Police! . . ."

The police inspector was at the Al Hamra, a garden cinema, enjoying a mystery film, his favourite relaxation, when they called him. "My dear Yusif," he said to the constable who tapped his shoulder, "kindly take my seat and report tomorrow how it comes out. Personally I suspect the blonde with the delightfully distracting curves."

He finished the glass of pink sherbet he had been sipping, took a last look at the screen, and went out. He was a neat little man in a civilian suit of white linen, his sleek head topped by the black sidara of a Moslem.

He was of a very ancient race, even for the Middle East. Profiles not unlike his own—fine features, rather heavy lipped and with sunken cheeks—were embossed on relics dug out of the rubble of Babylon. He had a swarthy complexion, and flat, dun-coloured eyes that reflected the cynicism of four thousand years of civilization. His voice was soft, he walked like a cat, and his pride was the pride of kings.

THE driver of the squad car briefed him as they threaded their way through the traffic. The dead man was Hanna Kamil, a lawyer who was respected in Baghdad, and he had been killed in his office on the Street of the Servant of the Prophet in the old part of the city.

A crowd loitered outside the three-storey building, and the inspector used his elbows to clear a way. Authority failed to dislodge a gaunt old Bedouin who was arguing with the guard at the entrance, and, rising on tiptoe to give himself stature, the inspector touched the Bedouin's flowing robes and said: "O Father of Burning Sands, the lawyer you seek cannot attend to

your business—he has had a prior appointment with Death!"

Brushing by, the inspector went up a flight of worn steps and was received by a dark, towering man who wore the uniform of a police sergeant.

The sergeant, whose mahogany face was carved in the likeness of a hanging judge, said: "Sir, I fear you have been inconvenienced—"

"Alas, Abdullah! Those who get themselves killed never do so at my pleasure!" He patted his assistant's arm, and then paused on the threshold to salaam to the corpse. "Chafik J. Chafik, Criminal Investigation Department, Baghdad Police," he announced himself. "May your soul be at rest, Mr. Kamil," he added piously.

INSPECTOR CHAFIK pushed up his sleeves, flexed slender fingers, and briskly went to work. Hanna Kamil had been sitting at his desk when he had been killed by a bullet fired into the back of his head at close range. He still held the pen with which he had been preparing a brief; there had been no struggle, but the murderer had evidently made a hurried search of the room after the shooting, for it was strewn with papers.

"He was working late," explained Sergeant Abdullah, who loomed behind Chafik, like the inspector's shadow elongated on a wall.

"Who found his body?"

"The confidential clerk, sir, one named Sayed Abbas. I have all the details here," Abdullah said, and produced a notebook.

"Be brief."

"Yes, sir. The witness, Abbas, states he received permission to go to the mosque for the sunset prayer. *Maghrib*, today, was shortly after six o'clock. At about seven the witness returned. He was late, his watch had stopped—"

"Hearsay or fact?"

"Fact," the sergeant said reproachfully. "I have ascertained that Abbas stopped at a café to ask the time and being told, he ran."

The inspector's smile was thin. "Hanna Kamil had a reputation, and I can well understand why his clerk ran," he said. "Continue."

"Sir, the witness saw the alleged murderer coming out. He is very observant for a witness and has well described the individual. Furthermore there is corroboration—a mendicant at the street corner also observed the suspect and avers he knows him." Sergeant Abdullah stopped abruptly, and the inspector looked at him curiously.

"This secondary witness is unsatisfactory?" Chafik asked.

"Sir, he is avaricious and demands payment for information."

"A paid witness has no favour in the eyes of the law," said the inspector. "Encourage him



"I am Sheik Hussain's steward," the Bedouin said. Chafik salaamed. But he finished the salaam with a hand on his breast—close to his shoulder gun



For a moment of tense silence, Inspector Chafik faced the wild-eyed young man. Then the Lady Alisha spoke. "Give him the gun," she said quietly

to be a better citizen, Abdullah. Meanwhile, send me Sayed Abbas——"

"Here?" the sergeant said, and looked meaningfully at the corpse.

"Here," Chafik said. "Now go to the mercenary witness."

"Yes, sir," the sergeant said.

Sayed Abbas was middle-aged and colourless. He wore sombre clothes, and his withered neck was encased in a high collar.

The inspector was abrupt. "Who was the man who visited your employer in your absence?" he asked.

"I do not know," Sayed Abbas said, trying not to look at the body. "Neither client nor friend was expected."

"How long were you in Mr. Kamil's employ?"

"Fifteen years, five months and three days."

SUCH a mind for detail was a rare pleasure, and Inspector Chafik warmed to him. "So," he said in a friendly voice, "you saw a stranger come out of the building, running, yet you did not stop him. Why?"

"He had authority," explained Sayed Abbas timidly. "He was shabby, but something about him made me stand aside."

"Your respect was perhaps fortunate. Did he see you?"

"I think not. Surely if he had just come from killing my master—O Merciful One! If I had

not heard him on the stairs—the sound of his heavy boots—such a clatter! If I had stopped him—if——"

"Exorcize those 'ifs,'" Chafik said gently. "Otherwise they will rise and gibber at you in the watches of the night."

He went and raised the dead man's head. "This puzzles me," he said, indicating the waxy face to the shocked clerk. "There is an amiable expression. Mr. Kamil was not put out by his unexpected visitor. Conversation at the moment of death must have been casual, even pleasant. I do not understand it at all. He had been interrupted, he had quite a notorious temper, and yet——"

"My master was a pious man," Sayed Abbas said defensively.

"Pious but harsh," said the inspector. "There was a recent incident. It is in my mind—something concerning somebody who was employed here. . . ." He was vexed because he could not remember.

The clerk said: "Is it possible you refer to our former office boy, Farisi?"

"Ah! Yes!—Mohammed Farisi, a youth whom Mr. Kamil charged with petty theft. This foolish individual then made a threat with a knife and was jailed for a year," he said, and then added thoughtfully: "He was released last week."

The inspector reached over the corpse with a

murmured apology, lifted the telephone and told police headquarters what to do.

"Poor Farisi," Chafik said compassionately. "You see what happens, Mr. Abbas, when a small transgression is not forgiven."

The clerk sighed. "My master was a hard man. Farisi's theft was indeed a petty one, but remember what the Koran tells us: 'As for the man who steals and the woman who steals, cut off their hands as a punishment.'"

WHEN the clerk quoted the scripture, his reedy voice deepened, and it was as if two men had talked. An echo from the grave, thought Chafik. If I opened this very confidential clerk, sawdust would come out; he is still Kamil's puppet.

Aloud the inspector said: "Fortunately we do not interpret Islamic law so literally in this country." He took out a cigarette and, after a few draws, let it smoulder unheeded in his fingers. A draught from the open window fluttered the papers scattered on the floor. "Why this wanton scattering of documents?" he asked in the distant voice of a man thinking aloud.

"They are private, very private," Sayed Abbas said as he knelt to gather them. "A deed box has been profaned, Inspector! The secrets of clients——"

Chafik snatched the papers. He skimmed them

and then said: "They concern one Trad. Who is this Trad?"

The clerk hesitated. "I am not sure I have the authority to disclose—"

"I warn you, I become as pettish as a wife when secrets are kept from me! Trad is surely the son of Sheik Hussain al Rafaat, one of our great landowners, and I remember a scandal—the sheik exiled his son for a marriage."

"The woman was of no family," Sayed Abbas said.

Chafik put the papers down. "These are receipts, each for a hundred dinars. It would appear the sheik made a monthly allowance to his son, paid through Mr. Kamil. Did Trad come here to draw the money?"

Sayed Abbas shook his head and said: "My master must have arranged such payments privately: I knew nothing about them. A hundred dinars was quite generous," he added enviously.

"It's not scrapings from a pot. You and I live on less," the inspector said. He had had his back to the clerk, and now he turned suddenly. "Was Trad your employer's visitor?" he asked.

"I do not know Trad," the clerk said; and then his voice changed to the deep bass and he went on judiciously: "Furthermore, the man I saw was poor, shockingly poor."

"Was he dissipated?"

"Oh, no, Inspector! I said he was shabby, but his clothes were cared for. Oh, no! No profligate, he!"

There was a knock on the door and Sergeant Abdullah came in. "The secondary witness," he said, "is now most co-operative. He has identified the running man and is prepared to lead us to where he lives. It is unbelievable, sir, but he states—"

"The son of a sheik, one called Trad," Inspector Chafik said as he selected a cigarette.

ENCLOSED by an ancient wall was the labyrinth of the great bazaar of Baghdad. There was a strip of wasteland between it and the modern town, and here the homeless had put up shacks made of dried palm fronds and mud, roofed with flattened petrol cans.

The smoke of cow-dung fires rose from the compounds where the cooking was done, and everywhere there were shabby children and dogs, prowling.

The beggar Mahmud Ali pointed and said: "There he lives, that *shaitan* who passes me with blood dripping from his hands."

Inspector Chafik asked: "Shall the sergeant test your truthfulness?"

The beggar said sullenly: "It may have been the sunset, but I thought his hands were red."

Chafik picked a path through the litter and refuse, which decreased as he approached the shack Mahmud Ali had indicated. The sandy forecourt was bordered with whitened stones, and an attempt had been made at a vegetable garden. Burlap covered the doorway.

The inspector reached out to raise it, and then clapped his hands instead, saying: "Permit me to enter. I am the police."

A man came out. He was of medium build and as deceptively fragile as the tempered blade of a sword. His shabby clothes were Western: frayed trouser cuffs flapped around his bare ankles.

"Yes," he said.

Just in time the inspector checked a salaam. Behind the man he saw the one room of the lean-to. It was clean, and he saw a woman crouched there, cradling a child.

Chafik had pity for these young people. He was troubled by his policeman's duty and took refuge from compassion in abruptness. "You are Trad, son of Hussain?" he said.

"I am so named, and you will say Sheik Hussain al Rafaat when you speak of my father."

"Your pride is worthy of him. But please do

THE CHRISTMAS CRUISE OF FATHER JEROME

by ARTHUR MAYSE

HERE were three cases of rum and thirty turkeys aboard the rattling old boat when Father Jerome headed out into the gale.

It was Christmas Eve, and he couldn't turn back. He was God's donkey, shabby and brown. For the men at the lonely camp ahead, for the sick and for the suffering, for anyone who needed him on the way—he was bringing Christmas home. . . .

Do not miss this warm and moving Christmas story

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK



not be arrogant. I, too, am arrogant when afraid."

"Why should I be afraid?"

"It would be reasonable. You were seen coming from the presence of a corpse, and—"

"I did not kill Kamil!"

"You are ahead of me," the inspector said softly. "I mentioned no name. And there is no accusation, yet." He turned to Sayed Abbas, whom he had brought with him, and asked formally: "Is this the man?"

The beggar, Mahmud Ali, pushed forward and shouted: "That's the one! I saw him running from his crime! I—"

Abdullah silenced him.

HEARING the commotion, the woman put down her child and came out and stood by her man. She said in a gentle voice: "I beg you not to disturb our son. He sleeps." She had veiled herself with a corner of her tattered robe, but the round of her cheek and one eye were exposed and Chafik could see she was beautiful.

Trad said: "The Lady Alisha—my wife."

The inspector salaamed. "I know now why you defied your father," he said, admiring the woman. "And yet I confess I am puzzled that you keep her in poverty."

"I am a sheik's son," Trad said, and added bitterly, "that was my training, and who will give me work? I cannot even carry loads like a common back porter; not a fil can I earn, although I have tried."

"But what have you done with your money? Your allowance?"

"Allowance?"

The inspector produced the receipts he had

found in Kamil's office. "Explain these," he said.

The young man looked at the papers. "I cannot explain," he said in bewilderment. "I knew nothing about an allowance, nothing. The signatures are very like mine, but I signed nothing!"

"Do you suggest a reputable lawyer risked forgery for such a small return?" Chafik asked.

"I would go to greater risks for less," Trad said grimly. "Just now I gave my boots for money to get food for my son." His thin face was bitter as he pointed to his bare feet.

"Yes," the inspector said. "So if Mr. Kamil pocketed the allowance your father made—or you thought he pocketed it—it would be a motive." He stopped and looked at the squalor. "A sheik among his own people knows no law but his own, and you are a sheik's son," he said softly.

Chafik turned from the couple and peered through the doorway of the shack. There was a blanket in a corner where the child lay, a nursling of a few months. Faint choking sounds came from it, and the inspector ran and snatched up the bundle. The tiny face was puckered and red.

"What have you given him?" Chafik asked indignantly as he put the child against his shoulder and patted the small back.

When the choking changed to healthy crying he surrendered the baby to the mother. "How old?" he asked.

The woman whispered: "Little Hussain is five months."

CHAFIK took off his coat and looked at the spot on it ruefully. "You feed *kafta* and *pilav* at that age?" he asked.

Alisha gestured helplessly. "There is no nourishment in me, and Trad, he—"

"But meatballs and fried rice!"

Trad said defensively: "I got the food from the street vendor, Sadi Salah. They are all thieves, those vendors, and it was all he would give me."

"And then you went and murdered Mr. Kamil."

"I did not murder Kamil!" Trad said. "I went to him by appointment. He was dead when I got there. I was frightened and ran."

"Why?"

"Because the man had warned me of danger, and I was fearful for my son and wife."

"What man warned you?"

"The man who sent me to the appointment with Kamil," Trad said. He was now calm. "I am not religious, but I always keep the sunset prayer. I go over there under the wall where it is quiet—"

"Admirable!"

"I had started the second *rak'at* when the man came and said: 'Go to your father's lawyer! Go quickly, he awaits you.'"

"It was very wrong of him to interrupt your prayers," Inspector Chafik said. "What kind of man was he?"

"A Bedouin."

"Describe him."

"A man wearing a cloak."

Chafik said: "A paltry description."

"How can I describe a Bedouin?" demanded Trad with rising anger. "His voice had a certain quality; I might recognize that, but the cloak covered his body, and his headcloth was drawn over his face. All he had time for was to tell me to go to Kamil, and to warn me of the danger."

"Danger to you or Kamil?"

"He did not say. He gave me the gun, and—" Trad covered his mouth with his hand.

"You foolish young man," Inspector Chafik said. He extended his hand and snapped his fingers. "Surrender it!"

There was an ominous sound—the creak of

Continued on page 42

Trevor Howard throws away the old school tie

by CHARLES WAUGH

Fans know him best as the clean-cut type of English gentleman, but he's trying hard to change all that. For Trevor Howard loves the swashbuckling life—on and off the stage

SHORTLY BEFORE an important film preview in 1949, a series of lengthy telegrams went from London to Cassis, a small village on the French coast near Marseilles. The first was a polite invitation to attend the performance. Succeding messages were less formal. Finally, they became frantic in demanding that a certain actor named Trevor Howard should return immediately to appear at the preview.

Basking in the French sunshine with his lovely titian-haired wife, Helen Cherry, Howard was in no mood to go back to London's November fog. "Say I can't come and tell them to bring the show out here," he said after the sixth telegram.

A few hours after that flippant answer had caused a distinguished film producer's blood pressure to soar, Howard put down his Pernod, turned to Helen, and for no apparent reason said, "Darling, let's go to London." A less accomplished wife might have protested that she did not have a thing to wear. But Helen has been married to the impulsive Howard for nine years. She quietly packed and arranged to travel to England the same day.

Howard appeared at that film show looking the reserved officer and gentleman he sometimes portrays in films. (Howard earned a captaincy and Military Cross in the war, and plays gentlemanly cricket as a member of the M.C.C.) Only his boyish grin suggested that he might be capable of playing truant. At his side, Helen was an equal model of poise and elegance, although, because of her husband's impetuosity, she had had to borrow the clothes she wore.

Played A Nazi Air Ace

In fact, Howard is a more boisterous character than his films suggest. A fugitive from the clean-cut hero type of rôle, he is happier in such infrequent stage appearances as Petruccio in *The Taming Of The Shrew* or his most recent success in *The Devil's General*, where he ranted and raved to his heart's content.

The *Devil's General* is a Luftwaffe commander, a swashbuckling air ace whose ability is so great that the Nazis are prepared to overlook his reckless contempt of Hitler. Howard acted the part in the same vehement manner that he often displays off-stage.

At the outbreak of war, Howard was appearing at Stratford on Avon. One day, acting on one of his impulses, he jumped on a bicycle, pedalled furiously to the Warwick army depot

As a devil-may-care German airman in *The Devil's General*, Howard had the type of rôle he loves. He chats here with his leading lady, Jane Griffiths



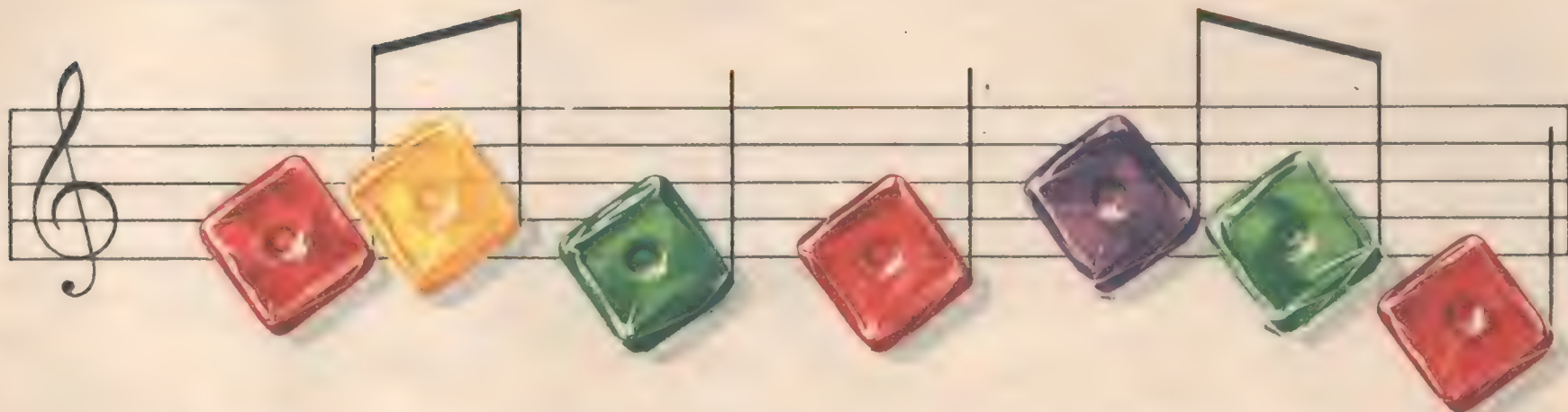


SWEET MUSIC

Christmas Spangles

COMPOSED BY MARS

Delicioso



Fruity as fruit What a Christmas-sy treat



Spangles are the fav - our - ite sweet

CHORUS :

Handily packed, delicious to eat
Pop 'em in the stockings
For a Christmas treat



3^d a packet

and presented himself as a prospective recruit.

"What profession?" demanded the military clerk on duty.

"Actor."

"We don't want any actors," announced the clerk, and Howard stalked out, uttering his favourite expletive, "You fool!" which he utters in a loud voice, producing a more alarming impression than he intends.

Its effect was brought home to Howard in Manchester during the tour of *The Devil's General*. A group of film technicians who had worked with him attended the play's opening night. When the cast appeared to take the curtain calls, the exuberant film men cried out in chorus, "You fool!"—and so loudly that Howard thought he was being booed.

Howard has recently played the leading rôle in a film version of Graham Greene's novel, *The Heart Of The Matter*. He admires Greene so much that he accepted a part in the film of another Greene story, *The Stranger's Hand*, although several of his friends considered the rôle too unimportant for him. *The Stranger's Hand* is set in the canals and backwaters of Venice, and Howard plays a man who has been drugged.

Passengers Locked In

This film introduced Howard to the Italian method of film production, in which passers-by may be enrolled as unpaid extras. One of the opening sequences took place at a Venice railway station, where Howard was to be filmed arriving in the city.

The director instructed him to mingle with the first lot of incoming passengers. But there were not enough people in the first train to satisfy the director, so he locked the platform exits. Nor did the second train provide enough passengers. The exits were kept locked, and only after a third train load had arrived was the scene filmed and the passengers allowed to go their way.

Italy's unconventional film-makers delighted Howard, himself of an independent turn of mind. A freelance actor, he once insisted that a certain film contract should allow him time off to watch Test matches. He is so keen on cricket that his wife has had to learn the finer points of the game.

Howard's courting of his wife had more than a faint resemblance to the technique of Petruccio, a character he longs to play in a film version of *The Taming Of The Shrew*. He played in this Shakespearian comedy at the Old Vic, and won praise for a new interpretation. The one person not surprised at Howard's success was his wife, Helen, who cheerfully confesses to having hurled a bicycle at Trevor during their engagement.

The couple first met during a rehearsal of *The Recruiting Officer* in 1943. Miss Cherry was the leading lady, and the producer, Alec Clunes, told her that he had hired a new leading man. "I promise you he's very good," Clunes said.

His Face Was Purple

Howard had just been invalided out of the army, when he turned up for the rehearsal. "I glanced down the line of actors," Helen recalls, "and couldn't see anyone resembling a leading man. Then someone pointed out Trevor. He was sitting hunched up with his head buried inside his coat collar. His face was purple and he looked sixty. However, as the rehearsals proceeded, you could see the magic in him."

The Howards were married in 1944, and lived in a £4 10s. a week flat in Pall Mall. At the time, Helen was working more regularly than Trevor, and she remembers coming home from the theatre one evening to find her husband in the kitchen. "For some reason," she says, "I peeped through the keyhole before entering the flat. The kitchen was opposite the front door and I could see Trevor busy at the stove. He was frying chips, and wore a pair of



The Howards have morning coffee and biscuits in their Hertfordshire home. Trevor Howard himself never goes near the kitchen, in spite of his boast that he can make the world's tastiest omelet

sheepskin-lined gauntlets. He said he had to wear them because the fat burned his hands."

Since that day Howard has not been seen at work in a kitchen. He still maintains that he can cook the world's tastiest omelet but, to his wife's regret, he has never proved it.

His film career began to prosper soon after his marriage. Although he was asked to sign a Hollywood contract with Paramount as early as 1935, nine years passed before he first appeared in front of the cameras.

Strictly speaking, he made his début at the age of six in a 1922 Mary Pickford epic. Born in Cliftonville, Kent, young Trevor spent a well-travelled youth between England, Ceylon and Canada. The trip from Colombo was twice interrupted, once when it was feared that Howard had fallen overboard. His mother had caused a false alarm by jettisoning the last of his sailor suits through a porthole.

The second delay was in Los Angeles, where the family paused long enough for the boy to discover Miss Pickford making a film on a local beach. Fascinated, Trevor managed to get into one of the crowd scenes.

The urge to act reappeared when Howard finished school, and he entered the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. His first professional stage part was just before graduation. Summoned at the last moment to replace an actor who had fallen ill, he appeared in a production of *The Rivals*. The costume, designed for the original actor, burst at the seams in the middle of Howard's first performance. He had to finish the show helped by sixteen safety pins.

The Paramount offer came as soon as he left R.A.D.A. The money was tempting, but the actor has no regrets about his decision to turn it down in favour of a stage apprenticeship.

His film début, when it did come, was completely unheralded—in Carol Reed's *The Way Ahead*. The part was so small that Howard's name did not appear in the list of credits and he went back to the theatre rather than look for more movie work. While he was playing

in Newcastle a film agent offered him a part in *The Way To The Stars*.

"They sent me the script," Howard recalls. "The part was only a few pages. I was thinking high at the time and refused it. But Terence Rattigan wrote in another two or three pages and I changed my mind. By the time the film reached the cinemas, however, my extra material had been cut out."

Though most of Howard's scenes in *The Way To The Stars* ended on the cutting room floor, they were brought to Noël Coward's attention, and he cast Howard as the doctor in *Brief Encounter*. Not long after, Carol Reed, remembering the actor's anonymous début in *The Way Ahead*, asked him to join *The Third Man* cast. From then on, the stage rarely saw Howard.

Astonished His Hosts

Because of his convivial nature, Howard is frequently nominated as British representative at foreign film festivals. The most distant of these was in Uruguay, where he astonished and delighted his hosts by appearing in blue and white embroidered Turkish-style pantaloons. He astonished them, too, by his ability to go without sleep. Night after night, he joined in the festivities, invariably ending up by conducting one of the orchestras.

At his Hertfordshire home—he bought the house on an impulse after seeing it on a Sunday morning stroll—Howard likes to relax after his nightly theatre appearance.

His rôle in *The Devil's General* was a dramatic one, and the tension for a man of Howard's temperament was terrific. One evening at Leeds, in a scene set in a restaurant, he crushed a wine glass he was holding. Blood flowed from his fingers, but he carried on as if the accident was in the script.

"Surely he can't do that at every performance!" exclaimed a startled member of the audience. And on that, Mrs. Howard comments: "I'm not so sure. Trevor is an amazing man."

THE END

Two deserters and a girl betray an arms ring

They were just the men for the crooks—two soldiers who did as they were told. Their audacious gun haul brought them and their girl friend £900—and a call from the S.I.B.

CHRS HARRIS AND CHARLIE STONER were insignificant infantrymen in the Middle East until they decided to desert. For a few brief months they led a mildly profitable life of crime; then the army's Special Investigation Branch caught up with this pair of gun-runners and they became famous. Their trial and the subsequent events connected with it gained them temporary international notoriety and a place in the archives of the young state of Israel.

It was to Palestine that Harris and Stoner made their way after parting company with The Buffs (Royal East Kent Regiment) in the Western Desert. The decision was probably made by Harris, a hard-faced cockney tough, who completely dominated the smaller, non-descript blond Londoner named Stoner. Palestine had its attractions for deserters. There was a ready market for stolen weapons. There was even an illegal underground organization on the look-out for deserters who could be used in the arms racket.

The S.I.B., which is the military version of Scotland Yard, was primarily concerned with preventing thefts of arms and explosives. The S.I.B. worked with the Palestine police in this bitter struggle with the underground gun-runners. For months their raids recovered only a fraction of the arms and ammunition known to be missing. When Stoner and Harris joined the gun-runners, the S.I.B. got its first break.

Gun-runners Recruited Them

The two deserters made their way to Haifa. Harris knew the ropes—he had been caught once before for selling army tyres—so he made the plans. At first they had no money, so the men stole £18 from a hotel. They met a girl from Holland, a rather pathetic figure named Rita Maks, who had become separated from her husband and was trying to support a child by working as a waitress. Both Harris and Stoner were genuinely fond of Rita and they entered into a liaison with her. Eventually the existence of the two men came to the attention of a Jewish group of gun-runners.

These crooks did not lack brains. They had money, organization and a detailed knowledge of British Army methods. What they needed were two ordinary British privates who would do what they were told and whose appearance would not arouse suspicion. Stoner and Harris filled the bill.

To make the best use of available transport, the army had issued an order that lorries travelling from one district to another should not return empty. A truck driver dispatched from Palestine to Egypt with a load of supplies would therefore have to look for a cargo to take

back. The gun-runners knew of this regulation. They had a British three-ton lorry, and planned to obtain a legitimate load of scrap in Palestine, carry it to Egypt, then volunteer to bring back a consignment of weapons. The return load of arms, of course, would never reach its military destination. It was a neat scheme, simple, and involving little risk.

A full moon shone over Tel Aviv on the night of February 21, 1943. In a deserted side street, three men joined Stoner and Harris in the back of a taxi driven by an Abraham Rachlin.

One of them was Isaac Levy, the "big boss." Levy unfolded the plan to the two deserters. Another member of the gang, named Tannenbaum, a former Palestine police inspector, produced forged documents for Harris and Stoner and for a lorry the gun-runners were to provide. Harris was to be Corporal Denton, and Stoner would be known as Driver Harwich. They would find the lorry parked in the Western Police Station grounds at Haifa.

The "big boss" rehearsed the two deserters

in all the details, and then slipped away with his aides. Harris and Stoner slept the night in the taxi, and the next day went back to Haifa to pick up the lorry.

No questions were asked at the Sarafand salvage depot. The three-ton lorry was loaded with scrap aluminium. With Harris at the wheel, they headed for Egypt. The arrival of a lorry driven by Corporal Denton was duly entered by the military police check point at Ismailia. After delivering the aluminium, the two deserters decided on a little holiday. There was almost a hitch when the lorry broke down on February 26, but a Cairo workshop repaired it and asked no embarrassing questions.

Eleven days later, they drove into an ordnance depot and asked if there were any loads for Palestine. Cases containing three hundred rifles were slung on board. It was the last the army ever saw of the weapons. Each one was worth £50 to the gun-runners. Stoner and Harris set off for Palestine with their £15,000 haul.

The next day, they were on the outskirts of Haifa when the lorry broke down again. Their instructions were to get in touch with "the big boss" through Rachlin, the taxi driver. They did so, and in a surprisingly short time a mechanic appeared; then another lorry came and towed away the truck full of rifles. Harris and Stoner were paid off but, with typical cunning, the gang dispensed with them before the deserters could learn where the rifles were to be hidden.

Rita Won £200 At Draughts

The following fortnight was pleasant for Harris and Stoner. They joined up with their tiny girl friend Rita—she was less than five feet tall—and shared their profits with her. The gang had paid them £900 for this and other jobs. First they offered her £200, but Rita said that this was too much money, so the open-handed soldiers said they would play draughts with her. Somehow, Rita always won, and she ended up with the £200.

With money in his pockets, Harris felt more secure. On March 26, he forgot to duck out of sight when a military policeman entered a café, and he was picked up for being an absentee. The next thing he knew, he was telling the S.I.B. of his adventures.

Unaware of his partner's arrest, Stoner was with Rita in the Zion Hotel. They were having their fortunes told when the police descended. The fortune-teller had omitted to warn the deserter that misfortune lay ahead.

Behind bars, Stoner and Harris became important figures. They were interviewed by the Palestine Police C.I.D.; Colonel Claude Harper, chief of the Middle East S.I.B., came down from



Sheikh al Suhail, a colourful figure who rode up to the S.I.B. office in Baghdad and asked Crocker and Mountford to his tribe's feast



Unaware that his partner had been arrested by the S.I.B., Stoner relaxed with Rita at their hotel. Suddenly, the detectives pounced on them

Cairo to see them; they went to police headquarters to examine photographs and attended identification parades to look for suspected members of the gang. Wherever Stoner and Harris went, six burly military policemen, each armed with a sub-machine gun, accompanied them, not so much to prevent the repentant deserters from escaping but to protect them from reprisals by the gun-runners.

Stoner and Harris said enough to fill nine statements. They identified Rachlin and another man named Leib Sirkin, a thirty-year-old official of a Jewish sports organization, as two of the gang.

The Military Court in Jerusalem tried the two privates on five charges and found them guilty of stealing the three hundred rifles and of robbing a Suez depot of 105,000 rounds of American ammunition. The sentence was fifteen years' imprisonment for each man. The next day the same court began the case of Sirkin and Rachlin, who were accused of being in illegal possession of the rifles and rounds of ammunition.

From their underground headquarters the crooks boasted that the police would never find "the big boss" Isaac and the ex-police inspector Tannenbaum—and in this they were right. The gun-runners also warned the two privates that they had in the past always "bumped off double-crossers." Harris and Stoner arrived in court as witnesses, handcuffed to each other and surrounded by their personal bodyguard of Tommy-gunners. The court itself was ringed by police and soldiers. Armed guards stood shoulder to shoulder around the inside of the courtroom.

Stoner and Harris spent five days in the witness box under examination and cross-examination. They were followed by their girl friend Rita Maks, who was held in "protective custody" to safeguard her from the arms-runners' threats. Rita said that "big boss" Levy

told her he was working for the Jewish Agency.

Mention of the Jewish Agency drew international attention to the trial. Among the sixty-three witnesses in the thirty-four day hearing was Mrs. Goldie Myerson, who later became Israel Ambassador to Moscow and an Israel Cabinet Minister. When Sirkin and Rachlin were found guilty—the former received a ten-year sentence and the latter seven years—David Ben-Gurion, who was to become Israel Prime Minister, called it a "miscarriage of justice." Stoner's and Harris's activities were even brought up in the House of Commons, and the War Minister declared: "Arms trafficking in Palestine has unfortunately always been rife in both communities, but cases of arms smuggling on this scale are rare."

Police Seized Four Sheikhs

On the morning of August 7, 1945, Captain Leonard Bertram Mountford (now a Metropolitan C.I.D. sergeant) led a raiding party in the direction of Abo Ghraib, a place outside Baghdad. Mountford, a lean, tall, blue-eyed officer, had with him five S.I.B. sergeants, ten military policemen and a few civil police.

The party travelled by jeep and managed to surround a small café where about twenty-five Arabs squatted in the dust, sipping sweet native tea. Camels and horses were picketed nearby, but none of the tribesmen escaped. Among those present were four sheikhs, Mohammed Darri, Mikhliif Shallal, Hamadi Darri and Fadhil Mohammed Shallal. Each of them had by his side a British Lee-Enfield .303 rifle.

The arsenal that manufactured these weapons would scarcely have recognized them. They had been mounted with silver, engraved and studded with precious stones. Gold bands circled the barrels and the stocks. The butt plates had been removed and replaced with ornate gold and

silver work. Each sheikh carried two bandoliers slung crosswise over his shoulders. Instead of the usual nickel bullets they held hand-carved silver bullets. Proudly, Sheikh Mohammed Darri displayed an ornate ammunition belt around his waist. "For killing important people," he explained, displaying a row of R.A.F. armour-piercing bullets.

The civil magistrates at Kadhimain, the City of Golden Mosques, dealt with the four sheikhs. Mountford returned to Baghdad, hopeful that the raid had taught the Zoba tribe that stealing and redecorating army rifles was not profitable.

The following week a colourful figure rode up on a white horse to the S.I.B. headquarters in Baghdad. Seated on a red leather saddle embossed with gold was a Hollywood version of an Arab sheikh. He wore red morocco trousers and riding boots, a black and gold robe, and on his head was a gold embroidered white silk head-dress with black and gold head-ropes. Scimitar at his side and richly ornamented rifle over his shoulder, this handsome horseman strode into the office and introduced himself as Mohammed Bakre al Suhail, paramount sheikh of the Zoba.

Celebration In The Desert

To Mountford's open-eyed amazement, the sheikh had not come to protest at the arrest of his followers. There was no mention of the incident. Instead, the sheikh extended an invitation to Mountford and his commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Ronnie Crocker, to join the tribe in the celebration of VJ-Day.

Crocker, an exuberant ex-Scotland Yard man who is ready to try anything once, decided that the invitation should be accepted. So the two officers drove out into the desert in a jeep. They travelled as far as they could by car and then walked across the soft sand in the direction of Aqa Kuf. Sheikh Mohammed Bakre al Suhail



Mountford, with Arabs who entertained Crocker and himself on VJ-Day. They sat down to whole roasted sheep, drank stolen Naafi whisky, and saw stolen ammunition fired gaily into the air.

waited there with a thousand of his followers. Each man was armed with a brand new rifle.

"I was horrified to see a mass of Arabs with rifles that no amount of searching by police had revealed before," says Crocker. "When they saw us approaching, the men began shooting indiscriminately, although we hoped they intended to shoot in the air. How nobody was injured, I'll never know."

In the evening, the celebration continued with demonstrations of swordsmanship, riding, and, of course, shooting with the "borrowed" army rifles. After dark, the tribal leaders escorted Crocker and Mountford back to their jeep. The Allied victory over Japan had been well and truly celebrated, but the S.I.B. men were yet to be convinced that they would ever win a similar victory over the Middle East gun-runners.

In Egypt, however, Mountford had several successful cases which resulted in breaking up groups of gun-stealing terrorists.

One day in June, 1946, a gunner in the Royal Artillery stepped ashore in Alexandria, slung his kitbag over his shoulder and marched off to barracks. On the way out from England, his companions had found him particularly knowledgeable about conditions in Egypt. The gunner had served in the Middle East until 1942. He was a major then, but the S.I.B. had caught him gun-running. There was a court-martial, and the major quickly dropped to the rank of gunner, facing a four-year sentence.

The former major's arrival was soon known to the Egyptian underworld; one day, while sitting in an Alexandria café, he was joined by a sinister Arab figure known as Mohammed el Shaity. "It is a pleasure to see you back in Egypt," said el Shaity, "perhaps we can do business again?"

"Why not?" said the gunner. But instead of stealing weapons and selling them to el Shaity, the ex-major went to the S.I.B. "I've learned my lesson," he declared. "Here is the set-up. These terrorists want any weapons they can get to use against British troops in Egypt. I don't want any part in it."

So, on the morning of June 16, the ex-major, accompanied by a man in sergeant's uniform, knocked at the door of a house in Sharia Rageb

in Helwan, a suburb on the Nile outside Cairo. The sergeant was Major "Monty" Mountford, who had been promoted and sent to Cairo after his experiences in Iraq.

When el Shaity appeared he was introduced to the "sergeant." El Shaity presented a friend named Tewfik Mikhaïl, then clapped his hands, and a servant brought coffee and fruit. After an exchange of pleasantries, the ex-major explained: "My friend is in charge of the arms depot at Abbassia. He thinks he can help you in a big way."

El Shaity immediately turned to Mountford. "What quantities of arms can you deliver to us?" he asked.

He Wanted A Thousand Guns

Mountford did not want to appear too sure of his ability to steal arms. He outlined the dangers and difficulties. El Shaity's requirements surprised Mountford, who had been prepared to deal in terms of a few dozen weapons, not hundreds. Finally, he agreed to produce a thousand rifles over a period of time. They then began haggling over price and the S.I.B. man pretended to be satisfied with £5 for a rifle, grenade or pistol, £50 for a Bren gun and a shilling a round for ammunition.

Stealing a thousand rifles would take time, Mountford explained. El Shaity was bland. "Perhaps you cannot do this thing?" he suggested. Mountford replied: "It can be done. I can start today." As a token of his ability as a gun-runner, he promised to return with twenty-five rifles and ten pistols by five thirty that same afternoon. Mountford left after writing out a list of weapons and their prices, which the Arab placed in a pocket under his robe.

Mountford got back to Cairo at 2 p.m. He was, he says, "in a bit of a sweat." He had the feeling that the terrorists suspected he was a police officer. He also faced the problem of rounding up the weapons, getting them back to Helwan and arranging for the arrest of the terrorists.

The rifles and pistols were no ordinary weapons. With the approval of Brigadier H. Joyce, who was commanding Cairo district, the

S.I.B. had arranged for two R.E.M.E. officers to come to Bab-el-Hadid barracks and "doctor" the weapons. In complete secrecy, the officers filed the firing pins on the revolvers so they could not be fired. The rifle barrels were dismantled and tampered with, and then reassembled so that the alterations could not be seen. Should any gun-runner get away with one of these rifles, he would not be able to fire it.

While the arms were being prepared, Mountford held a conference with Captain Fergus Walker (now a Scotland Yard Flying Squad sergeant) and Abdel Rahman Bey, chief of the Cairo C.I.D.

At five, Walker and the Cairo C.I.D. men were hidden in the sand dunes near el Shaity's house. They kept observation with field glasses and a telescope. Half an hour later, they saw a British Army utility van, with Mountford at the wheel, slow down in front of a house where two men were smoking a hookah on the veranda. One of them—el Shaity—rose and opened the double doors to the garage. The van disappeared inside.

Frantic Warning In Arabic

El Shaity and Mountford began unloading the weapons and stacking them against the garage wall. Not a word had been exchanged until Mountford asked for his money. "Don't worry," said the Arab, "the effendis I represent will be here shortly. Let's get the guns unloaded."

There was a frantic shout from the veranda. Tewfik was giving a warning in Arabic. He had spotted the police. "Someone's coming," el Shaity told Mountford. "Put them back in the truck." The Arab slung a rifle into the van. Mountford tossed it out. The two men worked furiously against each other, the policeman unloading the vehicle as fast as the terrorist tried to reload it.

El Shaity knew it was a trap. He drew a pistol and jammed it into Mountford's back. The detective snatched at the revolver and, as the two struggled, Walker burst in with the civilian police.

The S.I.B. captain grabbed Mountford, handcuffed him and led him outside. The plot called for Mountford to remain in the disguise of an army sergeant. He was led away in full view of el Shaity and Tewfik, who were in the custody of the civil police.

At the same time, a horse-drawn gharri arrived on the scene with two well-dressed Egyptians—el Shaity's effendis. They were arrested and found to be carrying a large sum of money. The five prisoners were thrown into the cells at Helwan Police Station. El Shaity confessed after the price list of stolen arms had been found in his pocket.

Mountford's cell had a second door, out of which he walked and returned to his desk at the S.I.B. The next time he saw his four fellow prisoners was in court.

Faced Terrorists In Court

Wearing service uniform with gleaming buttons and major's crowns, Mountford cut an elegant figure as he entered the courtroom. The terrorists looked at him and their faces fell. For he had chosen to make his entrance at the very moment when defence counsel was eloquently describing "a renegade Englishman, a tall, fair sergeant who tried to sell stolen arms to these innocent Egyptians."

Mountford had a penchant for being arrested himself. In Eritrea, he decided to rely on a variation of these tactics to gain the confidence of a prisoner.

The man whose co-operation Mountford sought was formerly the chief inspector of the Tripolitanian Criminal Investigation Department. He was a long-faced Maltese named Sion Misrahi, who had been jailed for offences committed while he was with the Eritrean police.

Colonel Claude Harper had received a letter written by a former member of Mussolini's secret

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THE MAN FROM THE TURKISH SLAVE

by VICTOR CANNING

ILLUSTRATED BY FANCETT

He knew how the racket worked. He thought he knew the man behind it. One thing he didn't know: every move he made was being watched

PORTOS MARIAS, an island village off the Brazilian coast, was the centre of a vast smuggling racket. Stolen jewellery, shipped from Europe, was being sent to the mainland as "tinned food" from the local fish cannery.

Peter Landers, investigating for a London insurance company, had found out that much. Sailing from Plymouth in the Turkish Slave, a cargo boat known to be carrying some of the loot, he had seen her meet a trawler, the Miragem, at sea. He had apparently seen too much, for he had been stabbed and thrown overboard.

Hours later, still miraculously alive, he had been pulled ashore by a girl. Her name was Tereza das Tegas, and her father, an expansive old man named Quisto, was the most influential personality on the island. Quisto took an immediate liking to Peter, and thoroughly approved of the obvious attraction between him and Tereza. Peter decided he could trust them, and told them about his dangerous mission.

There was no shortage of suspects in Portos Marias. The Miragem belonged to two brothers, the Pastoris, and a huge, boisterous young fisherman named Assis. Peter was particularly interested in four men he had met at Quisto's—Lesset, an American biologist; Jaeger, a political refugee; Dinez, a wealthy fisherman; and Guarani, a retired naval captain. . . .

But the Pastoris were at the top of the list. Peter decided to search their house. He chose a night when they were away fishing, forced open a window and climbed inside. There were no signs of any hidden jewels, and he was just about to leave when he heard a sound that made his heart jump into his mouth—a key grating in the front door lock. Squeezing quickly into a cupboard under the stairs, he waited, hardly daring to breathe. . . .

PART 3

The Gold Tie-clasp

FOOTSTEPS came across the living-room and into the kitchen. They moved past the recess and stopped. Peter heard the gentle squeal of the wall cupboard doors being opened and then a torch was snapped on. Light came into his hiding place through the crack at the top of his door which was just on a level with his eyes. Looking out, he could see only the vague bulk of somebody standing by the wall cupboard and the gleam of the floor tiles. The

Tereza gripped his shoulder in excitement. The man stepped into the moonlight, and his heavy, lurching gait gave him away. The man was Assis



unknown grunted softly. There was a rustle of paper and then a soft clank. The cupboard doors squealed again as they were shut.

As the man turned from the cupboard, the torch, held in his hands at waist level, was tilted upwards. Quite clearly Peter saw the gleam of a white shirt through the loosened jacket front, a dark stretch of tie held in place by an American-fashion tie-clasp. Momentarily the white line of a chin emerged from the gloom, but before the face could be revealed the torch dipped. The only thing Peter had seen clearly was the gleam of the gold tie-holder. It was shaped in the form of a pair of clasped hands.

The torchlight went out and in the darkness Peter heard the grate of shoes on the tiles. The person moved out of the kitchen. The street door groaned, the key grated in the lock, and then the house was silent.

Peter's first instinct was to go after the man. Then he realized that by the time he got out through the window, the man would be well away.

Peter sat there, wondering who it was that came into the Pastori house so confidently and with his own key at this hour. He gave himself a long grace and then crawled out of the recess.

He crossed to the cupboard, opened it and switched on his torch. He had a keen visual memory, and he saw at once the difference in the cupboard. On the lower shelf where the canned goods were kept, four additional cans now stood, a little apart from the others.

He examined one of them. It was a tin of tuna fish, and on the label around its side was a picture of Portos Marias and a legend which he easily translated—*Das Tegas Canneries, Supreme Quality, Finest Flavour, Packed under conditions of Strictest Hygiene.*

He grinned at that, recognizing the Quisto touch. But who on earth brought the tins to the Pastori house?

He shook one of them. There was no sound of liquid. The lids had been soldered on neatly, but not as neatly as a sealing machine would do the job. And then he knew. . . .

THE jewels went out through the cannery. He was sure of that now. The cans in this cupboard would be substituted for others already packed and assembled in the yard. Quisto supplied wholesalers in Brazil, and one of them would be far more interested in jewels than fish. It was an obvious way, but safe so long as no one ever suspected the set-up. He had to find out to whom they went in Brazil. And also who it was on this island who stood behind the Pastori brothers and Assis. It was someone with the brains and the contacts, someone who wore a pair of clasped hands on a tie-clip.

He made his way down to Grazia's, the quayside café where he was staying.

As he stepped on to the shadowed platform outside the bodega, a lazy plump voice came breathing out at him.

"Evenin', Mistah English. What foh you caddin' about at this time of night?"

He spun round, surprised, and was met by a husky laugh. Grazia, the proprietress, was lolling in a chair under the vines, her pedestal legs up on a stool. The plump Negress was fanning herself gently with a newspaper and smoking a pipe.

With an effort, Peter made his voice casual. "You ought to be in bed, Grazia."

"This is my bed. Woman get to my age and figure and she ain't got much use foh bed. Ah sits here and watches the cats—and dey ain't all got four legs neither." Her laugh was a warm bubbling sound in the night. "Why ain't you in bed, Mistah English?"

"I couldn't sleep."

Commere Grazia winked slyly. "Mañ got a right to keep the truth for himself. Maybe yoh been up talkin' to Miss Tereza? Maybe yoh found a little girl foh yohself already? Ah ain't jealous. Ain't more than passin' interested. Though there was a day yoh could have looked

at Commere Grazia and yoh don't get no sleep."

"I'd like to have known you then," Peter said gallantly.

She chuckled and it was like the sound of a spring at the bottom of a deep well, dark, fresh, mysterious. "Ah, Mistah English, they was the days . . . Ah sets the rockets bangin' in men's heads when Ah walk in my green skirt and flip my legs. Dey go off like a squib when Ah puts the power in my eyes and lips. . . ." She laughed again and reaching out a hand, felt his arm near the shoulder. "Yoh got good-muscle, though; I like men with muscle."

Her laugh was echoed in the shadows behind her, and a new voice said: "Perhaps, Senhor Landers, you would join us in a drink before you retire?"

Peter jerked his head round. A dark shape

was lolling back in a chair at the other side of the table. "Who's that?" he asked.

GRAZIA chuckled. "That's Doctor Jaeger. Once in a while he can't sleep either, so he comes and keeps me company. You like a drink, Mistah English?"

Peter made no reply. Beyond Grazia, Dr. Jaeger struck a match to light a cigarette. The lean head stood out clearly, the skin taut, dry and ivory-coloured. But Peter's eyes were not on the man's face. He was looking at the man's chest. Clear in the light was a gold tie-clip across the dark tie. It was shaped in the form of clasped hands.

"I don't think I'll have a drink, thanks," Peter said. "It's bed for me."

He went slowly up to his room. He had his



Anita swirled closer to their table. Her eyes were on Landers, taunting, challenging him. He c



caught sight of her necklace, and stiffened in horror. He had to get it away from her—at once

door half open when he heard a rustle behind him. He turned to find Anita, the housemaid, standing at the head of the stairs. She was wearing a yellow dressing-gown much too big for her. She stood there staring at him, the long straight hair falling about her neck as though it were carved from jet, her face a little sombre in the light of the candle she held.

"Senhor. . . . There is anything you want before you go to sleep?"

He shook his head.

"A drink?" She moved closer.

"No thanks, Anita."

She moved an arm and the dressing-gown swung open at the neck, the bracelets on her wrists slid forward.

"Good night." He turned quickly and went into his room. He stood inside, leaning against

the door. What a girl. . . . Then, with an almost angry movement, he shot the bolt across the door and began to undress. Anita was already forgotten. He was thinking of Dr. Jaeger, whose voice he could hear coming softly from the night outside.

It did not surprise him at all that the moment he came out of Grazia's the next morning he found Tereza waiting impatiently for him. She was sitting on the square wall where the small stream that ran down from Pae gushed out from a dark culvert across the sands. She waved to him and came hurrying to meet him.

They walked slowly out along the foot of the cliffs. The tide was in and they had quite a scramble working their way out. They sat on a large flat rock and he went over the whole affair

with her. He was determined to keep control of things and he spoke deliberately, smiling inwardly to himself at the solemn small-girl seriousness into which she automatically schooled her face. It was a mood which he felt would not last long.

He kept until the very last his discovery of Dr. Jaeger. When he told her, she turned on him, her eyes wide.

"You are surprised?" he asked.

It was a moment before she answered. "No. He is an exile, a bitter man. . . . Yes, I can see how it would be Dr. Jaeger. He has no love for this place."

Peter reached out and took her hand. It lay warm and small within his own. "Listen, Tereza: we must not tell your father. He would not help, but give the game away."

She nodded, but he could see it distressed her to have to keep anything from her father. He went on quickly, explaining to her how he thought the gang worked. The jewels were brought in by the fishermen, and then they were handed over to Dr. Jaeger, who probably broke them up and then sealed them in stolen das Tegas cans. All of the men had access to the factory and could get the empty cans and labels they needed. These cans were then handed back to the Pastori brothers and the problem then was to get them away from the island.

Quisto supplied various wholesalers on the mainland. One of them represented the next link in the chain. The loaded cans had to be introduced into their cases, and this could only be done safely once the packed cases were in the yard awaiting shipment. Since the fortnightly boat had taken off the last consignment, the yard had been empty. Soon it would be filling again, and when the implicated wholesaler's cases were out there, then the moment for substituting the Pastori cans for innocent ones would come.

"Somebody's going to do that," Peter said. "Either Assis or one of the Pastori brothers, and it can only be done at night."

"But at this time of year Assis and the Pastori brothers are out fishing every night. It is the same with all the fishermen."

"Well, Dr. Jaeger doesn't do it, otherwise he wouldn't have returned the cans to the Pastori house."

"It could be Assis. He is lazy. No one would think it odd if he did not go out one night."

"Then all I have to do is to wait until the day comes when Assis doesn't go out fishing, and it's a safe bet that that night will be the one."

"And we shall be in the yard watching?" Tereza said eagerly.

Peter shook his head. "I shall be in the yard. There's risk in this. There's no need for both of us to run it."

For a moment he thought she was going to argue with him. Then quietly, almost demurely, she said: "You are quite right, Senhor Peter. There is no need for both of us."

"I'm glad you see it that way. All we need to know now is who on the mainland gets the loaded cans. We can't afford to have anything going wrong now."

Later, they made their way back to Portos Marias, and went to the cannery.

In a long shed on the far side of the yard was now a row of large cardboard cartons stacked under cover. They walked slowly down the row. The names of the firms to whom they were consigned had been stencilled in black ink on their sides. Peter read the names of the importers. Briaz of Santos, Arnodolfa of São Paulo. . . . Sturgess of Rio de Janeiro. . . . Something English there, thought Peter. Maybe it was someone like his great-uncle, who had come abroad to make a new life.

He glanced at Tereza as they went into the cannery. She had been very quiet all the

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Peter Scott finds adventure on a wild goose chase

by MARJORIE EARL

Hunting for rare wild birds, Peter Scott explores the world—and fulfils a dying wish of his famous father



Painting, collecting and writing about birds is Scott's whole life. His pictures earn him several thousand pounds a year. He spends most of it on the Severn Wildfowl Trust, which he founded

WHEN THE QUEEN—then Princess Elizabeth—visited the Severn Wildfowl Trust at Slimbridge, Gloucestershire, in 1951, Peter Scott, the Trust's director, told her that he had been trying for several months to get some rare trumpeter swans for his collection. The Canadian Government had offered specimens from Canada—if he paid for catching them and sending them to England. But, Scott told the Princess, no dollars were available.

Soon after, she sailed for her Canadian tour. When the Canadian Government asked her staff about suitable gifts, they hinted that she would be delighted to receive some trumpeter swans. They arrived last year, and were delivered to Scott. Two months after, the Queen visited the Trust again. "Look after those swans," she told Scott. "Remember, you wouldn't have them if it weren't for me."

Scott, the forty-four year old son of Scott of the Antarctic, will certainly take care of them. His whole life is dedicated to birds. His income comes from writing and talking about them—last week he began a new TV series—and painting them; his bird paintings fetch up to £375 each. The money goes to buy more birds; he travels all over the world to collect new specimens.

In his relentless pursuit of what he describes as "the loveliest of all wild creatures," he inherits the determination which led his father to death at the South Pole. A friend has assessed his character in a single sentence: "Peter would do absolutely anything to get at his birds."

Got Stuck In Dangerous Bog

In 1936, a fierce ambition to obtain some Russian red-breasted geese lured him to the wildest parts of the Caspian seashore. After a long and unsuccessful search, he eventually spotted some geese on the other side of a dangerous bog. He decided to go after them.

"Thinking it out carefully afterwards," he admits, "I wondered what sort of an idiot I was to have a go." Just as he feared, he got stuck in the middle and started to sink. Having some experience with soft mud, he threw himself down and rolled over and over to his objective. There, covered in slime, he discovered that the birds he was pursuing were not red-breasted geese after all.

During a six-week bird hunt in the Canadian Arctic in 1949, he took no deliberate chances with his life. But he had one unexpected brush with danger. Following a river through a poorly mapped area to the coast, he ran his aircraft into cloud. The river flowed into a gorge, and Scott and the pilot discovered that the cloud which they thought to be above the gorge was well down in it. At this moment it began to snow. For half an hour they flew between two walls of rock with visibility less than 150 yards. The river wound and the pilot had to follow scarcely visible "S" bends. Once he missed, and as he manoeuvred the aircraft in a tight circle to avoid the rock wall, Scott—ignoring the danger—suddenly became engrossed in counting two small flocks of geese in the swirling snow. "One flock was all dark—possibly Lesser Canadas. The other had about half a dozen Snow Geese in it, perhaps some Lessers, perhaps Ross's," he recalls.

Reminded Of Father's Ordeal

Ross's goose was the reason Scott went to Canada. This species was first reported in 1938 by a Hudson's Bay Company factor stationed near the Perry River, seventy-five miles inside the Arctic Circle. It is threatened with extinction, and by adding to the general knowledge of its habits, Scott hopes to help to preserve it.

The Canadian Arctic is never very warm, even in midsummer, and the year Scott was there the season was late. With two American scientists, he nearly froze in a small army tent perched on top of a wind-swept hill. One night, as he tried



These trumpeter swans are Scott's most prized birds. Canada gave them to the Queen during her 1951 tour, and she entrusted them to Scott's care

to write while the tent rattled with the bitter wind sweeping the tundras, Scott thought about his famous father.

"These tuppenny-ha'penny adventures of ours cannot help but cast a new light for me on the story with which I grew up," he forced his numbed fingers to record. "If I am enjoying the minor discomforts and difficulties—as, indeed, I am—then it serves to remind me particularly of one phrase in my father's diary, which says: 'How much better this has been than lounging in too great comfort at home!'"

As a rule, there is nothing Scott likes better than lounging in comfort, at home or anywhere else. "I hate camping, it's so damned uncomfortable," he says. "I'd much rather live in luxury hotels." He is vice-president of a camping club, but he finds no merit in camping for its own sake. "I think it's a great bore when the mosquitoes fall into the food and you have to do the washing-up and everything's a mess. You only do it that way if you have to."

Writer, Artist—And Bard

He lives in an old farm cottage at Slimbridge, to which a studio has been added. This room is pleasantly cluttered with chintz-covered chairs, books, easels, canvases, picture frames, paints, cameras, field-glasses and charts.

In winter, Scott usually gets up early to watch flights of birds. During the day, when he can spare time from the birds, he paints and writes. He never sticks to one thing for long. When he gets stuck for a word he jumps up from his desk and paints at his easel until the word he wants draws him to his desk again. Meanwhile, people drift in and out and the radio blares. If there is nobody around and the radio is not on, Scott will probably be reciting his favourite poem, "The Hunting Of The Snark," or singing American railroad songs.

"I'm not nearly as energetic as I seem to be," he says of himself. "I'm really a rather lazy fellow, and I seem to spend a lot of time sitting around thinking what to do next."

When anything threatens his geese, however, Scott immediately becomes charged with energy. One night fourteen of his precious Snow Geese got lost in a fog. He immediately chartered an aeroplane and took off in search of them, after broadcasting a B.B.C. appeal describing them and begging people not to shoot them. He flew over a wide area and, when that produced no results, covered the ground again in a car. He

kept it up for nearly three days, but found none. Two geese returned by themselves.

Scott and his colleagues at the Trust, particularly co-founder Michael Bratby, have managed by energetic lobbying to persuade the government to amend plans to establish a bombing range near Slimbridge; to prohibit civil and service aircraft flying over the Severn river mouth, and to get partial protection for one species of geese whose numbers were being dangerously depleted by hunters.

In one of the last letters Captain Robert Falcon Scott wrote to his wife before he died in the Antarctic, he urged her to make their son interested in natural history: "Keep him in the open air, guard him against indolence and make him a strenuous man."

Scott's mother certainly succeeded in making Peter Scott interested in natural history. Since childhood he has been obsessed with it. When he was a youngster, she says, the cigarette boxes in her house were always discharging caterpillars and toads, and guests were almost sure to find in the baths every species of amphibious life from neighbouring ponds. As a schoolboy, Peter used to put a fishing rod into his trouser leg and pretend to be lame so he could be excused cricket and go fishing.

At Cambridge, where he read zoology and learned to become no mere bird-fancier but a sound scientist, he used to break the rules, just like all students, and sneak out after hours. But his sorties at midnight or dawn were always to watch ducks and geese.

Painted To Save Birds' Lives

Scott's income from painting alone has been estimated at several thousand pounds a year. One way or another, most of this gets spent on birds. If the rare Hawaiian Ne-ne goose (there were only forty-two of them left in the world a year ago) survives and recovers, it will be almost entirely due to Scott's paintbrush.

Three years ago a government agency in Hawaii wrote asking for his help in saving the remaining handful. Scott decided it would be a good idea to send the Trust's curator, John Yealland, now curator of birds at the London Zoo, to Hawaii to study this beautiful creature and evolve measures to save it.

But again there were no dollars available. So a woman in California and several other Americans who sympathized with the Trust and admired Scott's bird paintings were asked to

help. In payment, Scott painted a picture for each of them.

Scott's attitude towards money is off-hand. When the curator of the Brussels Zoo was offered a shipment of Russian red-breasted geese, he told his friend Peter Scott about it. This was just after Scott had failed to capture any of the geese on his trip to the Caspian Sea. He bought the lot: eighty pairs at about £30 a pair.

"As soon as we get straight, he lands us in trouble again," says Michael Bratby, who is also the Trust's honorary secretary. "At every meeting the members of the council sit solemnly around a table, dumbfounded by the expenditure. They pass resolutions to put it down, but by next week it is double again. Either Peter has acquired a few more acres, a new device for capturing and ringing the birds, expensive thatched hides to prevent watchers from disturbing them, or some new specimens."

If the council gets tough about meeting the bills, Scott pays them out of his own pocket. And, as he draws no salary, earns one-quarter of the Trust's income and is almost as great an attraction for the many visitors (who pay half a crown each) as the ducks and geese, they usually capitulate.

Advised On Wartime Camouflage

While waiting to be called up for the navy, Scott used his knowledge of wildfowl to help the Allied war effort. He persuaded the government to camouflage the fifty old destroyers, Britain's original lend-lease payment from the United States, on a "wildfowl" basis.

The theory was based on the scheme he used to conceal his duck punt. In order to be nearly invisible against the sky, he said, all surfaces should be pale and some should be dazzling white. It proved so successful that it was subsequently adopted in a modified form by all Allied shipping in the Atlantic.

When he was put in command of a flotilla of motor gunboats, Scott approached the Admiralty for permission to name them. The Admiralty refused. There was a regulation that prohibited the naming of ships shorter than 120 feet, officials pointed out. Scott answered that the M.G.B.s measured 145 feet. He was eventually given permission for the names, on his plea that it would be good for morale. In fact, it was largely to satisfy his own personal longing to fight aboard Grey Goose—the name he gave to his own boat.

THE END



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PESTILENCE STRIKES AT FARMER MORRIS

Continued from page 11

examine a cow with a swollen tongue. "Where's she been grazing?" he asked.

"Down in the old orchard," said the farmer.

"It's hard to tell," said the vet, "but I'd say she's been eating the fallen apples and has a few wasp stings in the mouth." He went on to visit other farms. The next day the farmer still didn't like the look of his cow. The vet called again and diagnosed foot-and-mouth disease. It later developed in two other farms which he had visited.

It is because it can spread quickly and affect a large number of animals that the disease is such a danger to world food supplies.

Six Hundred Farms Hit

Almost all beasts attacked by the disease recover in time, and without treatment, but while sick they lose weight and condition. If they are killed for meat as soon as they recover, the yield is poor and the quality low. If they are not killed, they remain below their best for months, needing extra care and food, costing more to keep and giving less in return than healthy animals.

What happened at Foliejon Park Farm happened at nearly six hundred farms in Britain between November, 1951, and December, 1952. More than 37,000 cattle, 34,000 sheep and 13,000 pigs were slaughtered, and the government paid out £2,750,000 in compensation.

This was exceptional; the average annual cost of foot-and-mouth compensation over the past twenty-five years has been £268,000, a very reasonable premium to insure against the disease becoming the scourge here that it is on the Continent.

There it is always present; it seems to sweep in waves from east to west, reaching a peak every few years. The 1951-52 epidemic brought a total of more than half a million outbreaks in Germany, France, Holland, Belgium and Denmark.

On the Ministry's records, the incident at Foliejon Park Farm would appear in cold figures as so many beasts destroyed and so much compensation paid. But, as Farmer Morris watched the slaughtermen lower the carcass into a pit of quicklime at his farm, he was looking at the destruction of his life's work.

One Step From Success

He had started the previous day as the proud owner of a fine herd of dairy cattle. It was not a herd which he had bought here and there, but one which he had largely bred himself. When he had first come to the farm, more than twenty years before, he had made it his ambition to breed his own strain of pedigree cattle, name it after the farm and hand it on to his sons.

He had begun by mating a good Shorthorn cow with a suitable pedigree bull. A resulting calf is not pedigree, but is called a "B" calf. A "B" heifer calf mated with a pedigree bull produces "C" calves. Eventually, a "D" heifer is bred and mated with a pedigree bull; a female calf from this union can be recognized as a pedigree.

A herd in which this process is going on is known as an upgrading herd, and the final objective cannot be reached quickly; it requires year after year of patient selecting and breeding. In some years there are few heifers, and in others none suitable for breeding.

Morris had been within one step of achieving his ambition; several of the next generation of calves from his herd would have been recognized as pedigree by the Shorthorn Society. But now he and his sons would have to start again.

He knew that the Ministry of Agriculture would pay the full market value of every animal slaughtered; its generosity is well known. Not long before he had heard the story of a

farmer who had foot-and-mouth among his pigs. When they were being destroyed he saw the opportunity of getting some bacon for his own use, so he said to the Ministry man: "Can I have one of those pigs in the house?"

"Yes," he was told. "You can have it at the price we have allowed you for compensation."

"In that case," said the farmer, "I'll manage without it."

What worried Stanley Morris, and what worries all farmers who find themselves in his position, is that there is no compensation for the lost years of work and ambition or for the loss of revenue on the farm.

It would be six weeks before he could even begin to re-stock the place. In the meantime there was still the rent and the wages of his men to pay. There would be no monthly milk cheque with which to do it. The farm would earn almost nothing; it might be a year before it showed a profit again.

In spite of all this the farmers, including Morris, are wholeheartedly behind the slaughter policy. They realize that although every outbreak means a personal tragedy among them, it would be a much greater tragedy for farming as a whole if foot-and-mouth were allowed to develop in Britain as it has on the Continent.

Slaughter Is Cheaper

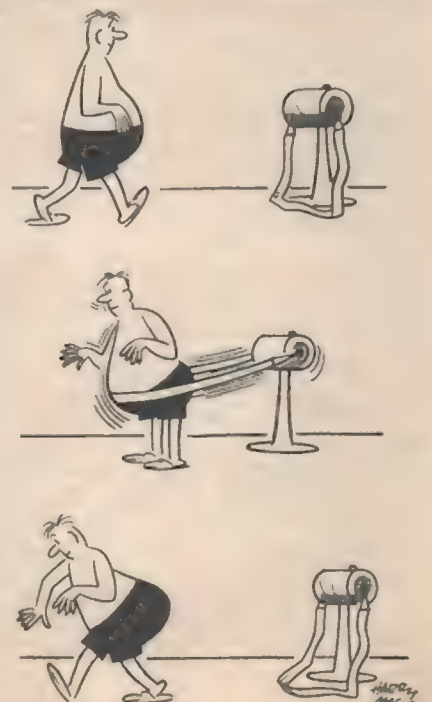
Vaccination has been attempted on the Continent as an alternative to slaughter; but great difficulty arises because the virus exists in three major strains. To be completely effective such a policy would have to cover every one of the cattle, sheep and pigs in the country twice a year. It would be extremely expensive compared with the slaughter policy, and would take far more labour than is at present available.

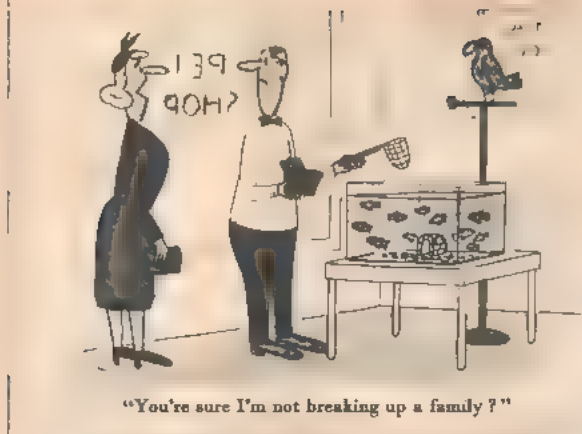
But the fact that the slaughter policy is cheaper and more effective has not resulted in neglect of research into vaccination and other problems of foot-and-mouth. The government research institute at Pirbright, Surrey, is a world centre of reference and information on the disease.

At Foliejon Park Farm, in a cowshed that once held thirty-two of his best cows, Stanley Morris this autumn stacked in 1,500 sacks of top grade wheat for the seedsmen. In his fields thirty bullocks are fattening for beef. He did not breed them himself and, sentimentally, they mean nothing to him.

But next year the pastures will be green with new grass. Already a pedigree heifer calf has been carefully chosen. Stage by stage, the farmers of the Morris family will build up their herd, starting at the beginning once again.

THE END





DETECTIVES IN KHAKI

Continued from page 20

police. The writer accused Captain Gerald Walker, Chief of the Tripoli tanzan C.I.D., of receiving bribes, stolen property and trafficking in currency.

Harper ordered Mountford to report to S.I.B. headquarters in Cairo. "You have a free hand," Harper said. "Take one man from here. You'll be down to Tripoli. You'll have to work in complete secrecy."

Mountford picked a middle-aged, balding businessman named Joseph Bengiat as his assistant. Bengiat, a Cairo businessman, had closed his office and joined the British Army as a private. His local knowledge and a store of languages earned him a sergeant's rank with the S.I.B.

At Castel Benito they were met by Captain Jack Wilkins, a pipe-smoking image of Sherlock Holmes and head of the Tripoli S.I.B. detachment. Wilkins took his two guests miles out into the country and installed them in a derelict farmhouse.

Girl Had Minor Armoury

He brought witnesses to the farmhouse at night. They were reluctant to talk, and some pleaded fear of the local police. Mountford decided that he would have to leave his hiding-place to find evidence. His first call was at the house in Tripoli where Misrahi and Walker had lived. It was a sumptuous residence surrounded by red bougainvillea in Cesare Bida Street, and its current occupant was a dark, voluptuous Italian girl, Giuseppina Bertamini.

Mountford had the house watched and, when Giuseppina went out, he got in through a back window and searched. He found a store of rich furnishings and a minor armoury. He decided to pay a formal call on the girl.

Giuseppina, lavishly dressed, sat with a French poodle on her lap and poured forth an explanation of her situation. The £200 radiogram, she explained, really belonged to another Italian, but Walker had seized it and given it to her. Walker, she said, had also provided her with a Schmeisser pistol, an Italian carbine and ammunition for both. She produced a photograph of General Rommel from her handbag and announced she had been his mistress before the British came and she began playing a similar rôle for Walker and Misrahi.

Mountford decided to see Misrahi, who had recently started serving a six-year sentence in Asmara, Eritrea. Giuseppina said that Misrahi would testify against Walker, but Mountford did not want to take a chance on her prediction. Instead of confronting Misrahi as a detective, Mountford arranged that he should be imprisoned himself in the same cell.

For three days, Mountford studied his man. They shared a crudely furnished cell, and through its barred window came the cries and wails of mad native women who were kept, stark naked, in a courtyard of the

prison. Misrahi began to talk without any prompting. He reviled Walker, his former chief for leaving him to take the blame and then not helping him. Finally, Mountford revealed his identity and the Maltese ex-policeman broke into tears. "God has sent you to deliver me," he cried. "What do you want to know?"

Misrahi told Mountford of an Italian named Alfonso Barda, who, in 1944, wanted to sell six stolen army trucks. But he needed army permission to sell lorries and, according to Misrahi, Walker promised to get the licence for Barda—at a price of two hundred thousand lire.

Mountford obtained authority to take Misrahi back to Tripoli. There, Barda confirmed the story of the bribe.

It was two in the morning when Barda finished his complaint. Mountford and Wilkins, weary with the long session, walked home through the deserted streets of Tripoli. Suddenly they heard a shuffling behind them. The two police officers stopped abruptly and, turning, saw a veiled figure disappear.

Mountford slipped into a doorway motioning Wilkins to wait on. As Wilkins moved away, a man in Arab dress stepped out of the shadows and followed him. Mountford cautiously brought up the rear, until he had made sure that the Arab was indeed shadowing Wilkins. Then he crept up, stuck a pistol into the Arab's back and propelled him to the S.I.B. office, where the would-be shadower proved to be a detective in the Tripolitanian police, one of Walker's agents.

Arrested C.I.D. Chief

Captain Walker had obviously learned of the investigation. Mountford decided to come into the open and meet his antagonist. He called on Walker. The chief of the Tripolitanian C.I.D. was in his bedroom in a luxurious seafront hotel. Mountford found him a well-set-up man with a determined jaw and an attractive smile.

"I have enough evidence," Mountford told him, "to place you under arrest."

Walker turned quickly and reached under the bed. Thinking he had gone for a gun, Mountford flung himself on Walker's back but in the brief struggle it soon became obvious what he had been reaching for; it was a bottle of whisky. The two men got to their feet and Walker very calmly challenged the S.I.B. to bring him into court. "I'll shut the mouth of every witness in Tripoli," he boasted.

After Walker's arrest, Barda and other witnesses came to Mountford and complained of being threatened. He assured them they had nothing to fear from Walker, and they recovered enough courage to testify at the trial. The dishonest detective chief was eventually found guilty of two charges of corruption and one of improper possession of stolen goods.

NEXT WEEK: The army detectives fight the biggest crime of all—murder



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THE MAN FROM THE TURKISH SLAVE

Continued from page 23

morning, and he understood her and Quisto enough now to realize their deep concern in this affair. It was their island, and they felt responsible for everything that affected its good name. It was more than an attachment to the place of one's birth, a feeling he could understand since he had it for his own village. It was an identification of their lives with this place. They were Portos Marias. . . . It was something he was only beginning to appreciate.

He had seen how the islanders loved and respected the das Tegas family. The way the men and women spoke to Quisto and Tereza made it plain. In this cannery, for instance, Peter could see that if Quisto had not needlessly employed practically everyone who was not out fishing he might well make a fair profit.

He took everything that was going; tuna, albacore, pescado—a small hake-like fish which Tereza pointed out to him as they walked down the cleaning tables—tainha, a mullet, and a fish, the bagare, which Quisto pretended was salmon and sold as such. But he welcomed anything, shark, turtle or octopus, and something was done with it.

He carried the whole economy of the island on his shoulders and he wanted it no other way. The island was his life and his pride. And Tereza was his daughter.

Quisto came forward with a shout to greet them. The petrol engine had broken down and he wanted Peter to have a look at it. Stolen jewels meant nothing to Quisto just now. He had forgotten them. He lived in the rich, exciting moment, and his one concern was to have his engine working again.

Peter rolled up his sleeves and got to work.

IN the days that followed, Peter made a habit of wandering down to the jetty in the late afternoon to watch the fishing fleet go out. He got to know most of the men and, his Portuguese improving rapidly, he found it pleasant to talk to them. Sometimes Tereza came with him.

When the fleet had gone out, he would wander up to Quisto's villa and find Tereza. They spent a lot of time together.

Tereza was puzzled by Peter. They knew one another well; she liked him, and their secret drew them close together: but there were times when he seemed far away from her. This remoteness excited her curiosity and her sympathy, for she was sure that in his abstraction lay a past distress. Simple and frank herself, she wanted him to be the same. Although he was friendly and cheerful with her, she noticed that these days he never touched her, and that the moments of light-heartedness, which had made him kiss her on their first meeting, and had provoked her into kissing him after his first evening at the villa, were never repeated.

There were times when she was, out of pride, indignant within herself about this. She was beautiful. Men liked to kiss her. Why did Peter never try? Her curiosity made her frank. One day she asked him, "Sometimes your thoughts are far away—are you thinking of your sweetheart in England?"

Peter laughed. She was so simple and direct that there was no embarrassment in her question. "I haven't a girl in England—or anywhere else."

"All sailors have sweethearts." "Not me." And then, surprising himself that he could tell her so easily, he went on, "I was married once. It didn't last. We were divorced."

Tereza said nothing, but she understood more now. Peter smiled as he saw her face so serious.

"I suppose it made me a bit suspicious of women. It takes a little time to grow out of it."

"It is very silly. You should grow

Consider your verdict

by

RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.



MR. SANDRINGHAM and his son William were thoroughly enjoying their stay at the hotel. It was in a delightful spot, set on the side of a hill, with long, sweeping views of the valley.

One fine autumn evening, William and his father decided to take a stroll along the country lanes. They set off down the hotel's long drive with one or two fellow guests.

The hotel proprietors were proud of this drive. It curved steeply down from the hotel for about a quarter of a mile, and had been paved three years before by a firm of roadmakers.

The drive was in good condition, but near the gate one or two of the stones had become smooth and slippery with wear. Mr. Sandringham trod on one of the smooth stones, and fell.

"Oh, my arm! I've broken my arm!" yelled Mr. Sandringham. An ambulance was called, and off he went to hospital, where an X-ray proved him right.

After a day or two, Mr. Sandringham was well enough to leave the hospital and join his son again at the hotel. But

William and he decided to go home instead. There, he rang his solicitors and made arrangements to sue the hotel for negligence.

He claimed that as he was an invited guest, or invitee, at the hotel, the owners had a duty to prevent damage to him from any unusual danger of which they ought to know. He added that the slippery stones on the drive were just that sort of danger.

The hotel owners agreed that Mr. Sandringham had been a guest at their hotel, but they denied that the stones were an unusual danger that they should have known about. They proved that the drive was only three years old and was in good order. They added that a few slippery stones a quarter of a mile from the main building was something they couldn't be expected to guarantee against. The stones were slippery because of ordinary wear and tear.

"The condition of the rest of the drive has nothing to do with it," replied Mr. Sandringham indignantly. "I'm concerned with the stones which made me break my arm."

What is your verdict? For the judge's decision, see page 30

out of it quickly," Tereza said firmly. Peter put out a hand and touched her arm. "You know, I think I am. On this island I'm growing out of a lot of things."

And he was. He knew now that in Plymouth he had touched bottom. There was a strengthening hope and confidence in himself which he was determined not to lose, no matter what happened.

THE rows of cases in the cannery yard grew. The petrol engine now worked perfectly and Peter turned his hand to other jobs about the cannery and Quisto's house.

He was sitting one afternoon on a pile of crates, watching the boats prepare to leave, when Assis passed him and jumped aboard the Miragem to join the Pastori brothers. One by one the boats drew away from the

jetty and headed for the harbour entrance.

The Miragem edged away from the jetty. As it did so, Assis moved up into the bows and jumped ashore. He gave a wave of the hand to the Pastori brothers and then came slowly down the jetty.

As he reached Peter he nodded and smiled. Peter smiled back. There was something about Assis which made it difficult to dislike him. He was friendly and simple and good-natured, no matter what else he was.

"You're not fishing today, Assis?"

Assis shook his head. He stood there and stretched his arms wide lazily, flexing his shoulders so that the hard brown chest showed through the ragged opening of his shirt.

"No, senhor. Not today."

"Why not?"

"Because, senhor." Assis smiled

again and scratched his thick tangle of curls. "Just because! Every night I fish. I am tired of fish. Every day it is the same. I am tired of it being the same. It is not good for a man to go on doing the same things too long." He spat over his shoulder into the water and then, with a wink at Peter, he added, "The night, too, senhor, is made for other things than fishing. . . ." He strode, burly and thrusting, towards the square, laughing and shaking his great head.

As he took his dinner that evening at Grazia's, Peter could hear Assis in the kitchen with Anita. Later, while he sat on the platform drinking by himself, he saw Assis come out and join a group of men who were playing cards. After a time, Peter got up and strolled out into the square. If Assis were going to visit the cannery that night, he had to be in place before the man arrived.

A new moon was rising and a thin mist was drifting over the harbour. He moved under the palms, thinking of Tereza. In some of the open doorways women sat knitting and talking. They looked up and smiled as he passed, and from the houses came a warm, rich odour of food. He walked up as far as the church and then back to the square, keeping now to the far side in the shadow under the cliff. Before him was the cannery, a long parallelogram of shadow cast out from its feet by the moonlight. Looking back, he could see the cluster of lights around Grazia's and hear the thin fret of the bodega piano. Behind the town, clear and cold looking, was the black sweep of mountainside running up to the broken crest of Pae.

As he reached the thick shadow of the yard gate, a hand reached out and held him by the arm, a warm, soft hand. It rested firmly on his bare flesh below his rolled-up sleeves.

A voice he recognized at once said quietly, but with the snap of anger in it: "You think I didn't know Assis has not gone out? You don't want me with you. You treat me like a child!" Her voice rose. "Oh, I am so angry—"

"For Pete's sake, keep your voice down."

HE felt her fingers relax their tightness on his arm. He moved closer into the darkness, his own hands reaching out. In that moment a curious excitement rose in him and he had one of those rare flashes of feeling that all this had happened before; the darkness, the uneasy sense of danger not far away, of a secret life working around him which he could not touch, and of a sudden need for comfort, some contact with someone he knew and understood.

The pale face before him, the slim shoulders under his hands were there as they had been before and, gently, carried along by something he could not fathom, he said, "Tereza," and put his lips to hers and kissed her. Her mouth was cool and soft against his for a second. Then she drew back and he heard her breath drawn in sharply, marking her surprise. There was a silence between them and then she said quietly: "I have the key of the yard."

A few moments later they were lying twelve feet above the ground in an open bay at the end of the shed. In the moonlight they could see the whole run of stacked cases. They lay there, waiting, not daring to speak. He reached out quietly and took her hand, holding it, not caressing it. She made no movement to withdraw it.

They waited a long time. Then, without any warning, without sound or sight of anyone climbing the yard fence, a torch flickered for a moment at the far end of the shed. There were the sounds of a case being shifted, and later the clink of a can. Now and again the torch flickered. Lying close to her, he could feel the excitement in Tereza.

They saw the man go. As he crossed an open patch of moonlight to the fence, Tereza clutched his shoulder in excitement, and Peter recognized the thrusting, forward lurching movement of Assis. They



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ENDEARING and EVENING IN PARIS

by

BOURJOIS

waited ten minutes, and then they went down and along the row of cases. There was a double row now and at the very end were the three that had come out of the cannery that day. There was no difficulty in picking the one which had been tampered with. The wide strip of gummed brown paper tape across the top was still moist where the original strip had been cut to open the case and a fresh piece stuck back over it.

Peter read the name on the side of the case: LOPEZ MIRANDA, SANTOS.

When he had the case open, there was no difficulty in picking out the cans which had been in the Pastori brothers' house. To anyone looking for it, the sealing of their lids gave them away. He took three of them and then closed the case. From a small shed near the cannery door Tereza fetched a roll of gummed tape and they re-sealed the carton.

As Peter lifted the case into place, Tereza said, "I have told Quisto. He knows we are here. But I have said nothing about Dr. Jaeger."

Peter nodded. They could not keep everything from Quisto.

"I don't want to open these cans at Grazia's. We'd better go up to your house."

Peter tucked the cans into the front of his shirt.

Outside the gate, he whispered to Tereza, "You go on ahead. Better for us not to be seen together. I'll join you at the house."

As he stood there, giving her five minutes' grace, he fancied he heard a movement from within the yard. He waited, but it did not come again. A cat or a rat, he thought, and dismissed it as he moved off.

It was no cat, or rat. A few moments after he had gone, a figure within the yard moved out from the cover of a pile of timber and stood looking at the Lopez Miranda case.

The figure turned and moved across the yard. A pair of hands reached up for the top of the gate and a thin figure pulled itself lithely to the top of the fence and dropped into the darkness outside.

PETER walked slowly by Commere Grazia's, his arms folded across his front to hide the bulge of the tins. Grazia was at the piano and shouted a greeting to him. He grinned back at her. Quisto was sitting with Guarani and Lesset, drinking. He looked up and saw Peter. No sign passed between them, and there was no need of any. Peter passed on, the darkness swallowing him up.

Later, all three—Quisto, Peter and Tereza—were in Tereza's bedroom. Tereza had a tin-opener from the kitchen. She held it out towards the two men.

Quisto took the tin-opener, grabbed one of the cans and began to open it. Peter and Tereza watched. Once or twice the opener slipped and Quisto swore to himself in Portuguese impatiently. The top came off to reveal a layer of cork chippings. With a swift movement, Quisto turned the tin over and shook out its contents on the table. A shower of packing came out and spread in a brown drift across the table.

They stood there, the three of them, in silence, looking down at the table. The only light in the room came from two candles which Tereza had lit and placed in wall brackets. Soft, wavering shadows flickered about the room, and from the spread of cork on the table the lights struck little fires of brilliance and colour; a rich, adamant sparkle that held their eyes and for a while kept them silent. Lying loose among the cork chippings were twelve of the largest diamonds Peter had ever seen.

Tereza gave a sigh of pleasure at the sight and reached out. She picked one up, holding it towards the candles. It burned and shot off swift reflections with the movement. Quisto looked at Peter and then took another can. He was frowning, and worked ponderously. In a little while all three cans were open and the table top was covered with cork. Carefully, his large hands

moving clumsily among the beauty, Quisto edged aside the cork.

In all there were the twelve diamonds, two rubies much larger than any of the diamonds, some sapphires and emeralds of various sizes—as though they had been separated from carefully graded necklaces—and, from the last can, a four-string collar of pearls held with a broad diamond clasp.

For the moment none of them was thinking about smuggling or where the jewels came from. They just looked at them, reluctant almost to touch them, held by their beauty.

Then Tereza picked up the pearl collar and put it round her neck. She swung towards a mirror and admired herself.

PETER saw her face, perfectly shaped, lovely and, at this moment, touched with a regality unconsciously adopted to match the queenly splendour of the pearls about her neck that took the warmth from her skin, glowing softly against its duskiness.

She came back and put the collar on the table. Peter sat down on the bed and lit a cigarette. He felt a little overawed.

"How much do you think that lot's worth, Quisto?"

His words touched Quisto off. He threw up his hands and shook his head, the great mane of white hair flying around his ears.

"A fortune! A king's ransom! It could buy up this island and a hundred like it and still leave enough for a lifetime of royal squandering. Old, senhor! The beauty and the splendour of them—and the evil! For a moment I was saying to myself, 'Put them in your pocket, Quisto. Take them. Enjoy yourself.'"

"I don't know anything about jewels," Peter said soberly, "but those diamonds are bigger than anything I've ever seen."

"Oh, Assis, the rogue!" Quisto stirred angrily, but Peter stood up and went to him.

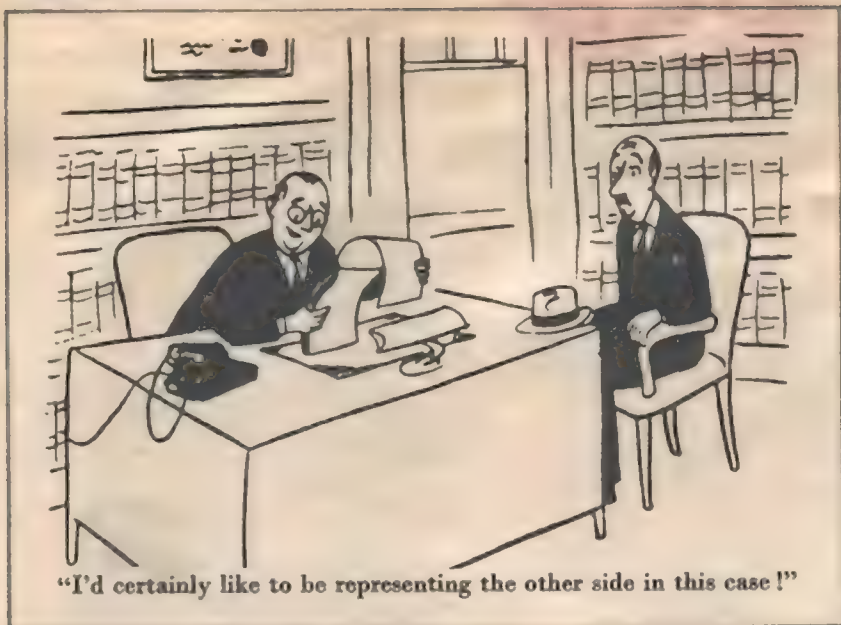
"Listen, Quisto, you've got to forget Assis and the Pastori brothers. They're nothing. Just links in a long chain. If we give ourselves away, then we shall be in trouble." He was ramming each word home vigorously. Quisto had got to understand the danger. Seeing these jewels had made it clear to him, in a way he had not appreciated until now, just how big this affair was. Men who worked outside the law for this kind of money weren't going to be squeamish if anyone got in their way. Without any wish on his part, innocently, he had involved Quisto and Tereza in this... and he felt responsible for them. It was up to him to keep them clear of danger. They had been good to him. They were his friends and he did not want them hurt.

"Now listen to me, Quisto. When the fortnightly boat arrives, you and I will go off on it. No one will think that's strange. When we get to Santos, we can stop the consignment of cans and we will inform my man in São Paulo. It's simple and there will be no trouble. But we must all go on acting normally. Is that clear?"

"Admirably, Senhor Peter. With the reward money I shall enlarge the cannery and buy an electric light plant for the house. Just think of those beautiful chandeliers blazing with lights! You are in darkness. Do you fumble for a match and a greasy

Consider your verdict

SLIPPING on a slightly worn road can happen to anybody, said the judge in the case on page 28. And as even a well-maintained road may have a few slippery patches, there was no unusual danger on the hotel drive. The owners of the hotel had not failed in their duty to their guest, and they were exonerated from all blame. Mr. Sandringham lost his case. (This is the probable verdict, based on actual cases.)



candle? No. Click. *Por Deus*, the miracle of light! We had it once, but when I started the factory we moved the engine down there."

His enthusiasm touched Tereza. The excitement she had held down to help Peter broke through. Her fingers caressed the jewels, and she cried, "We must also have new curtains and carpets. Why bring more light into the house to show up its shabbiness?" Her eyes were shining.

"And clothes, Tereza. You shall have a gown fit for an empress. Ah, she is beautiful, my Tereza, senhor. But she shall be more beautiful."

"And a refrigerator, too. With electricity we can have one," Tereza ran on.

Peter laughed. He stood up and gathered the jewels and the pearl collar into his handkerchief. The two stared at him.

He smiled at them. "I'm going to look after these. I love you both, but I don't want Tereza wearing the collar in public, or you showing off the stones at Grazia's, Quisto."

That night, behind his bolted bedroom door, he slit up his mattress and hid the bulky handkerchief in it.

NEXT day, there was the usual little morning tansure of cloud around the crest of Pae. A turtle had been roped by some boys in a boat out in the middle of the harbour, and their shouts were echoing noisily from the cliffs.

Quisto smiled happily. It was a good place, Portos Marias. His place. The fishing was going well; the petrol engine at the cannery now worked magnificently, and at the villa—thanks also to Peter—all the water-closets flushed properly. Oh, the brave Peter—he was a genius with his hands. And Portos Marias—no matter about the jewel smuggling—was a good place.

Quisto was helping Nimo Dinez and his crew finish the painting of the Borrisko. Nimo's ship lay alongside the wooden jetty with the other fishing boats. With long strokes of yellow, red and blue he was repainting one of the two large eyes which featured on the bows. Every boat in the place carried these eyes, a tradition which had come from Portugal with the first settlers. The Borrisko was being repainted for the Blessing of the Boats which was to take place the next day.

Each year a different boat was chosen for this ceremony. It was repainted, hung with garlands and, in the evening while the people of Portos Marias danced and indulged themselves in eating and drinking and a fine fire-work display in the open square, the boat sailed out for a night's fishing.

Quisto, as the chief citizen of the island, always went with the chosen crew. When the boat returned in the early hours of the next morning with its catch, it was met on the quay by a procession from the church headed by Father Gordano. The statue of the

Virgin from behind the altar was carried aloft under its decorated baldachin by six fishermen. The boats were blessed and then the procession, bearing the catch of the chosen boat, returned to the church for a short service. After this, the feasting and dancing carried on throughout the rest of the day.

The ceremony itself was not simply concerned with the blessing of the boats and prayer for good fishing in the year to come; it was also a thanksgiving, for it took place on the anniversary of the day the first emigrant survivors had struggled ashore from their wreck to the island.

Quisto, cigar in mouth, his cummerbund tight and sustaining round his middle, daubed away contentedly. Up on deck he could hear Nimo and his men singing happily as they worked. And Quisto was happy, too. He liked painting, particularly when he was given the small, decorative details to do.

He was happy, also, because a wonderful idea had occurred to him. For a long time, on and off, it had worried him that there seemed no man on the island good enough to become the husband of Tereza. But now the difficulty was solved. He had seen the way Peter looked at his daughter, and he had guessed what was in his thoughts. He also understood Tereza well enough to know that she liked Peter. . . .

He nodded to himself happily. It would have so many advantages. A solid, dependable type, like granite against Tereza's quicksilver; a man whom he liked and respected; what more could his daughter ask for? And also, it meant the reward would be kept within the family.

FROM his window, Peter looked out at the darkening square. Below him, from the pool of light that was the bodega platform, came the chink of glasses and the sound of voices . . . quick, eager excited voices, sharing the spirit which had hung over the square all day. Suddenly Portos Marias had acquired a new life, feverish, expectant and gay. None of the boats had gone out fishing that afternoon. All the men had been busy hanging flags and garlands about the square, and stringing rows of paper lanterns between the trees and houses. Peter, helping them, felt it would be a miracle if the whole place were not set on fire when the candles were lit.

It was time for him to go up to Quisto's villa. As he came out of his room, he bumped into Anita. It did not surprise him. Anita was always arranging that he should bump into her.

The corridor was lit only by a candle from a wall bracket at the head of the stairs. They were close together for a moment, wedged in the angle of the wall and the door. She lifted her face to him and in the flicker of the candle-light her eyes were dark, obsidian. She raised her arms and put them loosely

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round his neck and moved her lips towards him.

He kissed her because there was no escape; but it was a friendly, happy kiss and he could see that it served only to annoy her. She drew away from him, her bracelets rattling.

"You go to eat at the villa?"

"Yes—aren't you?" he asked. "It's the big night."

"No." Then turning towards him quickly, she said, "Why do you like her better than me?"

Peter shrugged his shoulders, smiling. "Why does anyone like anyone? I don't know. Anyway, I do like you."

"But not the way I want."

Peter passed her. "Tonight, save me a dance. Grazia says you are the best dancer in Portos Marias."

"You would like that I dance for you?"

"Of course."

"You shall see then. I shall dance for you and you will forget everything, everybody."

"Good." He laughed and was away down the stairs.

Anita watched him go. Then she turned and went to her room. She lit her oil-lamp and, standing by the window, slipped off her dress. She would be beautiful. She would dance. She would take his eyes and he would see no one but her. She pulled open the drawer of her dressing-table. She would show him how beautiful she was, how much to be desired she was . . . and when he wanted her, she would make him wait, as he had made her wait.

CANDLES in paper lanterns were hung from the olive and acacia trees. It worried no one that occasionally one of the lanterns caught fire, flared brightly for a few seconds and then sank in a flutter of pale ash to the ground.

Below the villa, long tables were set out in the garden, and a barbecue glowed, a red pyre, on the terrace. Those who could not find room at the table sat where they could; on the ground, on the terrace walls and on upturned boxes and wicker fish baskets.

Quisto said grace, and Father Gordano followed with a brief blessing, and then the feast was on.

Peter, who had a healthy appetite, found that, compared with the others, he could only skirt around the edges of the meal. The noise and confusion was constant. For two hours the only time anyone left the table was to refill the various wine flasks. Before the meal was half-way through, Peter had decided to refuse more wine. He knew

his limit and he knew he was very close to it.

After the meal, the whole party started down to the square in a ragged procession, stretched out along the rough cliff path and singing as they went. Just ahead of Peter and Tereza was Assis, a little drunk, and roaring his head off in song.

The moon was coming up and the harbour was a wash of grey, silver and gold. A few high banks of cloud hung motionless in the sky to give its steely arch depth. As they reached the square, six great rockets screeched into the air from the end of the jetty. They went up and up, cutting quick-healing scars of flame across the night, and then, exploding, littered the air with arching fronds of small green and blue stars that drifted gently seawards.

PETER heard Tereza sigh with pleasure at his side. The crowd in the square engulfed them, rushing around them, shouting to Quisto and Nimo and his crew. They were borne off to the bodega where the piano had been dragged out, a long table set with food and drink, and Commere Grazia presided, her fat, jolly face shining with sweat and beaming with pleasure. "Boy," she called to Peter, "yoh havin' good time? Yoh wait, Mistah English. This is just warmings up."

Portos Marias was wide open. No door was shut, windows blazed with light, and great banks of midges and moths spiralled about the lanterns. Peter danced with Tereza. Neither of them spoke much. It was enough to be together. The lights flickered under the palms. The fireworks seared across the night. Hordes of children raced shrieking through the crowd. And then, after an hour, the noise suddenly stilled and everyone moved towards the jetty.

Quisto and Nimo went aboard the Borrisco with the other fishermen. The shouting, the music, the fireworks, ceased. The tall candles in the bow and stern were lit, their flames burning clear and steady in the calm air. The garland-wreathed, fresh-painted boat was suddenly a mysterious barque, bedecked and gay, yet charged with an archaic solemnity. Father Gordano raised his arm in blessing and the crowd knelt, crossing itself. The ropes were cast off, the engine came to life and the Borrisco drew away from the jetty, the painted eyes on its bows flaring and imbued with an odd suggestion of life under the candle flames as they began to sway and dance with the boat's motion.

It drew away, blazing with light. The crowd watched in silence until it was a hundred yards out from the



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jetty. Then there was a great shout, and with one movement everyone turned and began to pelt along the roadway past the cannery and out along the cliff path to the harbour entrance, like a pack of children racing down the banks of a stream to keep in view the flower-adorned toy craft of an afternoon's pleasure.

Out they poured, Tereza and Peter with them, following the Borrisko to the headland. Then, shouting and waving, they watched it draw away, smaller and smaller in the moonlight, the candles failing one after another in the light breeze that stirred at sea, until it could no longer be seen.

Slowly the crowd on the headland turned away and drifted back to Portos Marias. But Peter and Tereza stayed, standing close together, looking out over the moon-ribbed sea.

Behind them the sound of shouting and music grew louder as the crowd refilled the square and fireworks bored their way into the sky, bursting with soft, distance-muted explosions and dying in great feathery fronds of tinsel stars.

They sat down on the grass, held by the sorcery of the night, and Peter put his arm around Tereza's waist without looking at her and held her gently.

She said, after a little while: "You're happy here, aren't you?"

Peter nodded. "Happier than I've been for years. I don't know . . . looking back now I can see that I was a plain, damn' fool. You can get like that."

His hand took hers and suddenly there was no difficulty in talking. He wanted her to know everything. He told her of his wasted years, of his stupidity and anger against life, and then about the morning in Plymouth when Marston had waited outside the jail for him.

Tereza leaned against him, sheltered by his arm, and in that moment, felt she loved him utterly.

"I didn't think I'd ever tell anyone all this," Peter turned to her and the movement brought them together. "But I wanted you to know. . . ." Her face was close to him, her eyes dark and shining. "Tereza. . . ."

He put his lips to hers and she was against him, her arms about him passionately.

They lay there, and he held her, the hardness of his arms and body crushing her. She had the fierce-tender desire to give and to go on giving. His lips were on her face and neck, and his hands were holding her, caressing her. Overhead there was the young moon that picked a thin black thread of shadow from each blade of grass that rose up, heavy headed with pollen, about them.

It was midnight before they moved back to Portos Marias. Tereza was happy, laughing, teasing him now with the pretence that she could never leave Portos Marias, and he would have to stay and learn to be a fisherman or a shepherd.

Peter played up to her, but as they reached the square and pushed their way through the crowd to Commere Grazia's, he had a sudden black moment when he was convinced the whole thing was too good to be true.

Half an hour later he had forgotten the moment in the stir and jubilation of the crowd. He danced with Tereza, was torn away from her, found himself dancing from one girl to another, sometimes holding a portly housewife in his arms and sometimes joining in the stamping, round dances which turned the bodega platform into a whirling kaleidoscope of colour. He danced with Anita, who tried to manoeuvre him off the platform into the shadow of the palms. He kept her on the platform and, finally, when he took her back to her table, she stamped her foot in anger. Assis, who was there, roared with laughter and winked at Peter.

Peter went back to Tereza. She said fiercely, squeezing his wrist under the table: "If I ever see you kiss Anita, I shall cut your throat!"

"I believe you would, too."

He laughed, slipped his arm round

her waist and swung her away into a dance.

Grazia's piano had been supplemented by a mandolin and an accordion. In the intervals between the dances, Commere Grazia sat at the piano playing and singing calypso-like songs that set the islanders shouting with laughter.

Suddenly, at the doorway of the bodega, Anita appeared. She was greeted with a roar of welcome from the people sitting around.

Grazia started the piano again and was joined by the mandolin and accordion players.

Anita swung into the centre of the platform. She began to dance a wild, heel-clicking, head-tossing, castanet-snapping dance. In her hair was a high white comb and a long red shawl was swung round her neck and over her shoulders.

PETER watched her, fascinated. This was a different girl from the one who served and scrubbed in the bodega. She danced as though there was nothing else in the world for her but dancing. Once she passed close to him and for a moment her dark eyes were on him, scornful yet provoking, and the fringed edge of the shawl curved through the air like a broad flame.

Suddenly the shawl was whipped free of her neck and shoulders. She flung it from her, and with the movement her body began to arch and sway with a voluptuousness that reached out from her and took the whole night under its spell. As her hips rose and fell, her skirt swirled about her with a soft hiss. She moved forward, circling the shadows cast by the trellis work at one side of the platform. Swaying and stamping, she snatched a glass of wine from the table where Lesset and Captain Guarani sat, and then with a rapid, darting movement, was out of the shadows and in the full light of the lanterns, facing Peter and Tereza.

Her eyes were on Peter, laughing, taunting and challenging. His eyes fell from her face, from the half-parted lips to the smooth column of brown neck, and he knew that this was the black moment which, earlier, he had feared might dampen his happiness.

About her neck Anita was wearing the tight four-string pearl collar which he had hidden with the jewels in his mattress.

He felt Tereza's hand drop on his below the table, her fingers gripping into his flesh, and he knew that she had seen it, too.

Anita was before him now, a foot from their table, her body drawn back, her arms moving with the slow restlessness of serpents and her eyes were on him. She knew his surprise and she was enjoying it. Then she was gone, circling the other tables.

"Peter." He heard Tereza's anxious whisper and shifted his hand, holding her elbow and keeping her down. His eyes went round the platform and over the people gathered under the palms, searching for Jaeger, Assis and the Pastori brothers: if any of them saw

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Plenty of time

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What is more, people cannot waste time in advance. If the present minute is wasted, the next cannot be wasted until it comes.

People who "haven't time" are just people who don't know how to use the time they have.

by **ROFFE THOMPSON**



the collar there would be hell to pay. But there was no sign of them.

"I can't see them. They must be at the jetty." It was Tereza, her thoughts racing with his.

"I've got to get it from her before they see it."

He stood up, slowly, his eyes going over the heads of the people at the platform steps. Somewhere in the square were four men, four men who must not see Anita. He didn't care how Anita came to be wearing the collar; he would have that out with her later. She had to be made to keep her mouth shut. . . . Quisto would have to handle her.

His thoughts about Anita were abruptly driven from him. Walking across the square towards the bodega, not fifty yards away, was Dr. Jaeger. "Jaeger's coming." He pulled Tereza up, and moved slowly back into the shadows. "You've got to stop him. Do anything."

Before he had finished speaking, Tereza was gone from him. He saw her go down the steps and squeeze through the people there.

Jaeger was under the palms. Peter saw him pause and look towards the bodega. Then Tereza's yellow dress was obscuring the man's black suit and he saw the quick movement of her head as she talked.

Anita's dance came to an end. She stood there flushed and pleased while the crowd shouted and clapped.

She looked at Peter, and her eyes were laughing and full of devilry. The music broke out again and people swarmed on to the platform to dance.

Peter was at Anita's side. He put his arm around her and tried to take her into the bodega. But she laughed, pressed herself against him and forced him to dance. He let himself go, knowing he would have to humour her—knowing, too, that time was all against him.

"You are angry, Senhor Peter?" Her warm breath fanned his cheek.

"Of course not. But Anita . . ." he steered her away from the square side of the platform, keeping her in the shadows; ". . . you must give me the pearls."

"Now?" she pouted at him. "You do not think I am beautiful with them?"

"Very beautiful. . . . Look, let's go somewhere where I can explain—"

"More beautiful than Senhorita Tereza?"

"More beautiful than anyone." He was fighting to be patient, to handle her properly. "But I must have them back, Anita. Let me have them, please. . . ."

He raised a hand and touched the clasp, but she drew back her head, and the movement brought her firm breasts hard against him. Her dark eyes were wide with triumph. "Why you worry so much about them?" She laughed and then went on, "You want them—then come and get them."

She twisted out of his arms and was away from him. He started after her, but was held up by other dancers. From the bodega door she looked back at him and one long hand touched the

pearls at her neck. Then her skirt flared around her as she turned and disappeared through the door.

The main room of the bodega was crowded, full of noise and the smell of food and wine. Anita was at the far end of the room. She laughed as she saw him pick his way between the crowded tables.

He had almost reached her when she poked the tip of her tongue impudently between her lips at him and slid along the wall and out of a side door.

Peter cursed her silently. But he was glad she had left the bodega.

He followed her through the door and found himself in a side street which ran from the square up the hill. A little way up the street Anita was idling along, now and again looking back over her shoulder. Peter started to run after her.

THE street was empty and its slope quite steep. Behind him there was the blaze of light and the noise of the crowd in the square. Hearing him running, Anita began to run, too. He kept after her, using in silence the angriest words he could find to ease the impatience which possessed him.

But to Anita the whole thing was a wonderful titillating game. She was enjoying herself more than she had done for a long time. She did not care about the pearls which she had found in Peter's mattress. She was no longer interested in the mystery of what he and Tereza had been doing in the cannery yard. All she knew was that she had roused this Englishman and drawn him away from Tereza. She was not afraid of his anger. In fact, she looked forward to it.

Now, knowing she had the legs of him, she deliberately led him a dance along the alleyways at the top of the town. The place was deserted and she slipped in and out of the shadows, her red shawl flaring from her shoulders, laughing and calling tauntingly to him. Behind them the fireworks streamed up into the sky from time to time and, on a light breeze which was now beginning to move in from the sea, came the occasional sound of the accordion and piano.

They were above the houses now, and he could look clear over their roofs to the square. Anita was moving up a narrow track at the bottom of a small gully that cut the clifftop. On either side were patches and terraces of garden, fenced with reed wattles, in which grew tall maize, tomatoes and rows of vines.

When he reached the clifftop it was to see Anita sprinting across the grass towards a clump of trees at the foot of the long, broken slope that led up to Pae. He stopped in his tracks. He could never run her down until she let him.

He turned and started down the gully towards the town. He was no great psychologist, but if he knew anything, the moment Anita realized she was not being chased she would come back. He slipped behind one of the wattles at the edge of the track and crouched low, watching the crest of the clifftop through a gap in the reeds. He

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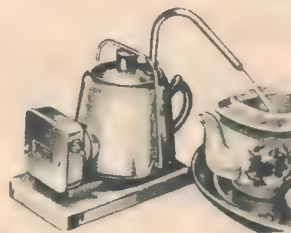
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IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK
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looked at his watch. It was a quarter to one.

His plan worked. It was only a few minutes before she appeared, a black silhouette against the moon-bright sky, on the cliff ridge. Peter saw her hesitating, peering down into the dark gully, and he could not help smiling grimly to himself. He watched her now. She was no fool when it came to looking after herself. She came down the gully path cautiously, her head swinging from side to side, halting again and again and sometimes remaining so still that her figure seemed to melt into the darkness, leaving only two points of light, the high white comb in her hair and the pearl collar about her neck.

WHEN she was a few yards from him, she nearly deceived him into betraying himself.

She halted and after staring into the darkness intently for a while suddenly called softly:

"Senhor Peter. . . . No good. I see you behind that fence. I don't move." She giggled.

It nearly caught him and he was on the point of moving before he realized it was a bluff. He crouched still, holding his breath, and waiting. She called once again. Then, after a

moment or two, she started forward. He let her pass him. She was a yard beyond him when he rose and jumped at her.

He had his arms around her, holding her to him. For a moment she struggled, laughing, and then the resistance went from her. Her arms were round his neck, her warm lips upon his.

He held her tightly for fear she would escape him again.

"Senhor Peter. . . ." She looked up at him, her face close, flushed with pleasure. "You are not angry?" she asked.

"No, Anita." As he spoke, he raised a hand towards the collar, but she caught at his wrist and brought it down against her breast.

"Anita. . . . let me have it. Be a nice girl."

She shook her head, and when he would have moved his hand, she resisted him with her body and arms. She said, "You like to fight. . . . Senhor Peter? So do I. When I like a man."

"If you like me, Anita, you must do what I tell you." He smiled and ran his free hand up the length of her bare arm, but in his heart he wanted to whip her.

"I do anything. . . ." She freed

his wrist and he left his hand, warm and caressing, on her breast.

"I must have the collar, Anita. You see. . . ."

"Kiss me!" Her lips were half open, inviting, and her body was charged with a soft, compliant voluptuousness.

He kissed her, crushing her to him and at the same time he slipped his hand to the back of her neck and unfastened the collar. She let him take it. Then she drew back, sighed, and raised a hand and touched his cheek.

She drew his head towards her.

"Look, Anita—you've got to come with me. There's something you don't understand. Tereza will explain it."

"Tereza!"

Her eyes blazed. The relaxed body suddenly stiffened and her head came up and she bit his ear fiercely, drawing blood. He started back, grunting with pain and she twisted from him. "Tereza—always you think of her! Even when you kiss me!" she shouted. Then she was gone, a dark shadow racing down the path towards the town.

"Anita! Stop!" He began to run after her, but already she was well ahead.

PETER took out his handkerchief and dabbed the blood from his ear and began to hurry down towards the square. He had to find her and get her to Tereza.

There was less noise from the square now and the fireworks had thinned out. At the tip of the jetty which just showed beyond the last of the house roofs, he saw a great red flare burst into life. Its vivid glare drove back the moonlight. Up here the walls and window panes were suddenly touched with carmine. His shadow twisted and lurched behind him as he ran and the gulls, uneasily roosted on the roof tops, stirred and a few called complainingly.

He passed the first house, which was flanked by a long wall. At the end of the wall there was a dark recess, backed by a wooden gate. As he crossed its mouth something hit him on the back of the head, just below the ear.

He began to fall, but two pairs of arms reached out and caught him and he was dragged limply towards the gateway.

To be continued next week

UNCLE FELIX, WE LOVE YOU

Continued from page 9

of the river below us; and, very faint as the wind swirled up from behind, Uncle Felix having his morning practice on the pianola in the breakfast-room. Then all the sounds died except the river sound; and James and I turned and saw Rita, saw that she'd seen something in her mind.

"What?" James said.

"Gosh," Rita said, "if only there was a place where we could bridge the river we'd have a run from here right down to Darleydale."

It was true. There was a slope up from the other side of the river, but from where we stood we'd work up enough push to take us up it easily; and from the top of that slope there was a whole smooth mile down to Darleydale village.

We straddled the sledge and James undug his heels and shouted "Away!" and we sped down. The bright shapes of snow whizzed past and the cold breathlessness came in my mouth like sucking peppermints. There was just that and the sound of our skids on the snow in a long rushing noise, and the tingling smell of winter; but it was wonderful.

Only it wasn't long enough. It had been, up till then, but when we saw the long run in our mind's eye and imagined it lasting another whole mile, we knew we'd have to cross the river somewhere, somehow.

It was getting dusk and the snow was falling, and we were on our way home, when Rita thought of how we could do it. She said out loud, "I know!" But when we stopped and

asked her, she wouldn't say, even though James uttered terrible threats.

"After tea," was all she would say. "I want to look at a picture first."

We went into the house through the surgery. It was warm and dark in there and I stayed a bit, looking round at the dark walls and the framed certificate with its red seal, and all the names saying Uncle Felix was qualified and examined and found all right and given under our hands by these present, and the table with the farming papers on, and the old chest of drawers. A certificate with my name on it and saying I'd done something special was the thing I wanted most in the world. But I'd never told anybody.

I went on in and choked twice with muffins, wondering what Rita had thought of.

UNCLE FELIX knew there was something up, because all the time at the table he kept squinting his eyebrows up. "Those dratted kids, Mildred—you can see they're up to something. Why don't you stop them?" But it was just his ordinary shouting voice, not to be taken notice of, and Aunt Mildred only tinkled and said: "Tea, my love? More tea, my love?"

In the breakfast-room after tea, Rita showed us. She brought a magazine and pointed out a picture. "There," she said.

It was ski-ers—a picture of them in mid-air flying over a gulch between two mountains. The gulch was yards wide, you could see that, but the run down the mountain gave them enough push to send them over.

"See?" Rita said. I could see what was in her mind's eye: the sledge

whizzing down the hill and leaping the river there at the bottom. . . .

"If only there's enough push to take us up the slope on the other side," James said. "Gosh! It would be wonderful. We'll come out on the corner by Doctor Turvey's house." His voice was loud and excited. Then he hushed. He jerked his head towards the door and we could hear Aunt Mildred tinkling as she went into the kitchen with the dishes.

"It's secret," he whispered. "They wouldn't understand."

We kept it secret all right. We spent all next morning building up the river bank. We built the ramp so that it was a little cliff of snow overhanging the river. The river was ice at the edges, quick and dark and with blobs of snow falling from our spades and floating like water-lilies.

I felt my inside turn at the thought of the sledge flying over, but I didn't let on. "When are we going to try it, James?" I said; and he said, "Before tea." Then he stopped digging and leaned on his spade like a gardener and said: "But you're so little; p'raps you shouldn't—"

But I pleaded and promised him a lend of my sheath-knife and he gave in. "All right," he said, "but if you yell I'll bump you. Rita and me'll both bump you."

"I won't yell, James," I said.

Then we tried it. We straddled the sledge at the top of the hill. I was at the back with my arms round Rita. I took a peek round her and saw the run down to the river, the snow black and hard with our skid marks and the patch on the bank where we'd always pulled up. But this time we weren't

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going to pull up; we were going right over in mid-air, and I couldn't peek any more. I clung on tight and I felt Rita cling on tight and I felt James undig his heels. He shouted, "Away!" and the whiz began.

I'd promised not to yell and I was remembering that all the time; but when the whiz grew louder and bigger and I felt the ramp ride up beneath us, then the yell came up to my throat and stopped there and wouldn't come any farther.

We were in mid-air then, over the river, and it couldn't have been longer than it takes to flick a card. But I could see the whole snowy world turn sideways a bit till I shut my eyes.

But we were over, bumping on the far slope at a million miles an hour and slowing a bit as we reached the top and went over and started the longest part of the run.

Gosh, it was wonderful! My heart started beating again and my inside turned, and the yell came—but it was a whoop; and James and Rita were whooping too, all the way down to Darleydale.

That was how the long run was made.

After that we went so many times that it didn't seem dangerous any more, so James said. When you knew that it was momentum that took you over the river and that momentum was an engineering principle and never failed, then there wasn't the same thrill, so James said.

But every time it was the same for me: my inside turned over and the whole snowy world tipped sideways. Even when we'd been going to Uncle Felix's for five years and I was twelve, it was still the same.

James was sixteen then, and when Father and Mother came home from Iraq he'd be going to work.

THAT year Uncle Felix asked us all again what we wanted to be. We answered all at once, and Uncle Felix hammered on the table with the bread knife and shouted: "Mildred! Why don't you stop them? It's like Babel." And Aunt Mildred just smiled and said, "More kedgerie, my love?" and we all answered again separately.

They were the same answers as they'd always been.

"Designing engineer." That was James, with his voice cracked a bit because of his age.

"Portrait and industrial photographer." I watched Rita being careful the way she showed her hands, because of the metol and hypo stains all over them.

I said, as I always said, "I don't know." But this time, without even meaning to say it, I added: "I want a certificate."

"Listen to him, Mildred!" Uncle Felix shouted. "Wants a certificate. Ha! And does he know what he wants it for? No! Just because I've got one for being at the mercy of half the county and attending to all their damn' animals, he wants one, too. But not for being a vet, I warrant."

It was true: I didn't know what I wanted to be. But I wanted a certificate more than anything. It would say I'd done something and would be signed and have a seal on it. It would be framed and I'd give it to Mother and Father when they came back from the oilworks. They'd be terribly pleased and proud.

Breakfast was over and Uncle Felix knifed a bit of egg from his coat. "Now out of it, the lot of you! Out of sight, out of mind—and keep to the straight and narrow."

It was just after Christmas, but it was too early for the long run. We muffled up and started off for the bus to Middlesbrough. James and Rita wanted to spend their Christmas money on photography and Meccano, and I was going to spend mine on a new roll for the piano.

Uncle Felix liked playing that better than anything. He did it for an hour every morning before surgery. And when he put on his white coat and opened the waiting-room door, the first thing he said to all the people who sat there nursing their animals was: "Like that, eh? Hear me do the

'War March of the Priests,' eh? Show me anyone that can play it like that. You can't, can you? No. Because there ain't anyone."

No one said anything about it being easy to treadle the pedals and watch the roll go round. Aunt Mildred told us once: "No one ever has, and you mustn't, either. He likes people to think he's playing, even though he knows they know it's a machine. And people keep it up. They like him, my loves."

We liked him, too, and we never said anything. He was like a man with a glass eye who makes himself believe the eye's so perfect that no one notices. So although he liked a present of a new roll more than anything, you had to give him the proper music of that piece as well so that he could stand it on the rack in front of the roll and make out he was playing from it.

IN Middlesbrough we went into the photography shop first and Rita bought chemicals in flat packets and a dark-room clock.

After that we went into the music shop and I bought the music of Zampa and the piano roll as well.

Then we went into the model shop, and James bought six-inch flanged plates, twelve-inch angle girders, bevel-gears, contrate wheels and two-inch-throw eccentrics. While he was buying them, I picked up the Meccano Magazine and gave my last threepence for it, and gave it to James because he'd been all right to me at Christmas.

But he let me look at it on the bus home. And it was then I saw about the competition for the Most Original Idea for a Working Meccano Model. And about the certificate! The first prize was a certificate signed by Frank Hornby himself and printed on parchment-vellum suitable for framing. . . .

"James," I said, "if I gave you the idea for the most original model in the world, would you build it and enter and give me the certificate if you won it?"

"Eh?" James said. He took the magazine and read the rules and then he looked at me. "Well?" he said.

But I didn't tell him till after dinner, to keep his interest up. He didn't take much notice at first, but I didn't expect him to: he was the eldest and he wouldn't have liked to admit it was a better idea than he could have thought of. "Not bad," he said. He walked round and round the breakfast-room with his hands in his pockets. I knew it was a good idea.

"Someone's got to sign the coupon," Rita said. "A parent or guardian, to



"I've just run into young Webster. He's thinking of going into the tricks and novelties business . . ."

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wonderful?"
SAID Mrs. Cecil Parker



"TWENTY-FIVE years we've been married, Cecil, and I'm still waiting hopefully for your contribution to the Christmas presents problem."

"But my dear," said Cecil Parker, registering profound thought, "I'm always full of suggestions . . . Toast-racks."

"I beg your pardon?" said Mrs. Parker.

"Toast-racks. Things you put toast into."

"Yes, dear, I know what toast-racks are. But most of our friends have toast-racks already. Can't you think of any other kind of present that you can't have too many of?"

"Hmm . . . what I need is a cigarette. Great aid to concentration, a cigarette."

"But of course! Oh, Cecil, you're a genius!"

"Yes, dear . . . Tea-cosies . . . Trombones . . . What was that you said?"

"I said you're a genius. That's the answer — cigarettes! All the people we can't think what to give, we'll give them some cigarettes — Capstan, of course. How clever you are!"

"Not at all, dear. Glad to have solved your little problem for you. Now I can relax and enjoy my cigarette. I've earned it."



Cecil Parker is a star of the new Associated British film "Isn't Life Wonderful" — a light-hearted Edwardian comedy in Technicolor.

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say it's your own unaided work."

"Uncle Felix'll do that," I said. I ran and asked him. He was snoozing with his feet on the hassock and Aunt Mildred was tating.

"Damn the boy!" he shouted; but it was only his ordinary voice that wasn't to be taken any notice of.

"Why don't you stop him, Mildred? Waking me up like that. . . ."

"He only wants to ask you something, my love."

I showed him the magazine and explained.

"Sign it? Damn it, yes," he said. "I'll sign anything for peace and quiet, long as it's on the straight and narrow. Now get out!" He pushed the magazine at me and I ran; but before I got to the door he shouted:

"What's this wonderful idea, anyway? What are you going to make?"

"Surprise!" I shouted back, and wouldn't tell.

James started the model that night and Rita got out her camera so that she could take pictures of it to send with the coupon.

All next morning we didn't go out, even though the long run was ready, because we wanted to finish the model.

It was finished by dinner time. We stood it on the table and wound the clockwork motor and worked it for a little. It was good. James wrote down a description of how it worked and the parts he'd used to send with the photo. Then we went in to dinner.

"We've done the model, Uncle Felix," I said. I felt myself busting to tell him what it was; but it had to be a surprise. "And Rita's going to take a picture of it, and I'll give you the coupon to sign and then we'll send it in today because the closing date's January the ninth, and then I'll win a certificate of merit with my name on it and—"

"Mildred!" Uncle Felix shouted. "Why don't you stop the boy? Prattle, prattle, prattle. . . . Do you want me to go mad?"

But he came along, grumbling and groaning. Rita and James were each side of him and I was in front. I went on ahead and started the model, because I wanted to see how pleased he was to know I'd made a compliment to him.

The model was a working model of a man sitting playing a pianola.

It was a good model and it worked well. Of course it didn't play any music, but James had cut a little paper roll that went round, and the man's feet went up and down on the pedals and he sat with his arms hanging at his side, his body swaying to and fro a bit. It was jolly good.

UNCLE FELIX and Rita and James came round the door. James and Rita ran in and up to the table and Uncle Felix stood there in the doorway looking. He didn't move. He didn't move for a long time. And as we all three stood looking back at him we could see that something terrible had happened to him. His face went white and he jerked back his white coat and felt in his pocket for his handkerchief and began to polish his specs. His hands were shaking. When he spoke, it wasn't his ordinary shouting voice that everyone knew not to take any notice of. It was low and a bit stuttering and I felt my hair prick on my neck.

"You can take that th-thing to bits at once. At once. While I stand here."

"But the competition—" James began.

"Insulted," Uncle Felix said. His breath went in sharply. "In my own house, by my own sister's children."

His voice came out like a hiss: "Gratitude—have you ever heard that word? D'you know what it means? Take that thing down! Strip it—s-strip it, I say!" He crossed the room and lifted his hand. James took up a screwdriver and spanner and began to undo the nuts and bolts.

I watched the model fall slowly to bits, the strips and plates and wheels come slowly apart, the rods and nuts and gears drop to the floor. I picked them up and Rita opened the little boxes where they belonged and stored them away. Uncle Felix stood over us

with his hand still raised until the last part was put away and there was nothing left at all.

"Now dare," he said, "dare to rebuild it and you'll never come here again."

We knew he meant it. What we didn't know was what terrible thing we had done.

Aunt Mildred told us. "You wounded his vanity, my loves. He took it as a personal insult that you showed you knew about his pianola secret, with the hands not playing."

"But everybody knows," Rita said.

Aunt Mildred sighed. "He didn't realize that."

Uncle Felix's revenge took the form of making me change all the calendars in the house every morning so that I could see the date creeping up to the ninth. But although I wanted that certificate so much, there seemed to be something more important now: to try and convince Uncle Felix that we were deeply sorry for hurting his feelings. We liked Uncle Felix, but he didn't believe it any more: he believed we—specially me—had always laughed at him.

THAT week the weather blew great blizzards. It was like the book about Captain Scott.

"We'll be marooned," James said; but he couldn't make it sound very exciting. Being marooned in the blizzard would have been the most exciting thing ever if Uncle Felix hadn't had his feelings hurt. Rita and James had their photography and Meccano, but I didn't have anything to do. I longed to prove to Uncle Felix that we didn't deride him; but I couldn't think of anything.

Then one day a chance came. It seemed ages later, but James said it was only a few days. The blizzard had blown all over Yorkshire and then the newspapers stopped coming, and the milk, too, and Aunt Mildred said it was lucky she had a good supply of tinned.

In the morning a phone message came from Mr. Whitlock. Uncle Felix went out with his little black bag to give medicine to a horse that had pneumonia. He wore his wellingtons and two scarves, and carried a shovel to dig his way through the drifts. It was snowing still and the sky looked like an iron lid that was closing over the ground. It wasn't farther than you could walk in twenty minutes to Mr. Whitlock's, but we knew it would take him hours.

The snow came down thicker and faster, and in a few minutes we couldn't see him at all. Then suddenly James shouted, "Look!" and we saw the telephone wire snap suddenly with the weight of snow on it. It curled through the air and fell and dragged a thin furrow through the snow and lay there, and in less time than it took to breathe the window, steamy again the blizzard had covered the furrow and we really were marooned.

By dinner time, Uncle Felix hadn't come back. Aunt Mildred made out she wasn't worried, but she couldn't eat anything, and later she came and stood with us looking out of the window.

All the afternoon we watched, but he didn't come; and then Aunt Mildred didn't have to pretend about not being worried. She lit all the lamps and set them in the window at the back of the house, but the light went out only a little way in the snow. Then we saw, a way off, a long black furrow in the snow stretching up the hill; and it was moving, very slowly; nearer. We could see the snow being thrown up on either side and the black line lengthening every minute.

Aunt Mildred carefully took off all her combs and tinkles and put them on the pianola, and we went out and began to shovel a way through the drifts towards Uncle Felix.

But the exhaustion had done for him. All four of us, between us, managed to get him into the breakfast-room. He looked sagging, like a sack, and he didn't say anything, only waved his hand a bit.

Aunt Mildred was talking in quick, worried whispers. "That's the curse of a teetotal husband: no brandy in the house; and brandy's a life saver." She



"I've got something in my eye!"

told us to keep the kettles going for hot water for the bottles. James was to get more coal in for the fires, and Rita was to make a pneumonia jacket quickly from the red flannel in the sewing cupboard. Then she sent us all out of the room, and the way she looked we knew it was serious.

Through the door we could hear her chafing his hands and trying to get him to take the hot beef tea. All the time I was filling the kettles I was thinking: if only we could get Doctor Turvey and some brandy. But Doctor Turvey lived down in Darleydale and we were marooned in the blizzard.

Then I thought of the long run. The kettles steamed all over me as I thought of it, and I felt my inside turn. I didn't know how Doctor Turvey would get up to the house, but the important thing was to fetch him.

I went upstairs in the dark without a noise and put on two scarves and two overcoats. Then I crept down and got the sledge and dragged it up the short hill in front of the house to where the long run began. It wasn't any good telling anybody: James was the eldest and he'd have wanted to go, and Aunt Mildred would have said none of us could go, and we'd have argued and Uncle Felix would have died.

The lid had been lifted off the world and the stars had come out now, and it was freezing so hard that I could walk on the snow without even sinking enough to cover my wellingtons.

I straddled the sledge before I'd even got my breath back; I undug my heels and shouted, "Away!" before I had time to be afraid. This time there wasn't any ramp and I didn't know if momentum worked without a ramp.

I watched the world whiz past at a million miles an hour. The sledge made a scream and the sky tipped up and I shut my eyes and let the yell come up from my turned-over inside. Then the sledge left the frozen snow that had piled itself thick enough to be a ramp and went skidding up to the sky. I opened my eyes and the river with its icy edges like cut-out paper was right under me.

AND then I was over, landing sideways on one skid and pulling like mad on the rope and feeling the sledge go skidding up the slope and over before I had time to know properly whether I was dead.

But I was living all right, though when I reached the bottom and the sledge butted against Doctor Turvey's wall I didn't know where I was for a minute, and I felt terribly sick. And when I got off the sledge, my legs were all peculiar and shaking. But somehow I climbed over the wall and bang-banged at the door, and the maid opened it, and took one long look at me, and then she was yelling.

Suddenly there were faces all round

me, spinning like tops, but I managed to see the doctor's face, and get it to stop spinning for a moment. I heard myself speaking, as though from miles off, and then all the voices were going, and the long wild scream of the sledge, and the river rushing below, and Uncle Felix saying plainly: "Take that th-thing down. Strip it, I say!"

And that was all. After the spinning and the voices had stopped and the blackness had come and gone, I opened my eyes. There was something hot in my mouth and I nearly spat it out; but it went down inside me, and it was hot down there, too.

"What is it?" I asked. "Brandy," Doctor Turvey said. He had a long face with a smile on one side of it only. He was all right. Then behind him I saw Aunt Mildred and James and Rita.

"Uncle Felix?" I said, and they nodded and smiled.

"Dr. Turvey put chains on his car, and the people in the village helped him get over the tricky bits," James said. It was all right to go to sleep again then. And I did.

EVERYBODY was there again when I woke up. Uncle Felix was sitting in a chair with the grey-and-red rug round his shoulders. He had his specs and he was writing something on a paper. Doctor Turvey was smiling-side towards me and Aunt Mildred had her tatting. James and Rita were being very quiet, like church. But outside there was a long slithering sound and a dripping everywhere.

"Now then, Felix," Doctor Turvey was saying. "You are not writing a prescription for horse pills. This is an application, which I will countersign, for the award by the Royal Humane Society of their certificate for bravery to Kevin Gordon Calthrop. So make it legible, and begin, 'Gentlemen.'"

"Be damned!" my uncle roared. "I'll write the thing in my own way, in my own time. And stop that child yammering, Mildred! Why don't you stop him? Thank God, their parents come back this year and we'll see the back of them for good and all!"

It sounded terrible and loud, as if he was going to bust, but it was only his ordinary voice that wasn't to be taken any notice of. And nobody took any notice.

Through the window I could see the sides of the dale and the stains of grey and black where the thaw was in. I thought of the certificate and whether I would have a solid gold frame for it; and of how this was our last visit to Uncle Felix; and of the long run melting away in the thaw. It seemed a pity.

But although I'd never tell anybody, I was always a bit afraid of it. Just a little bit.

THE END

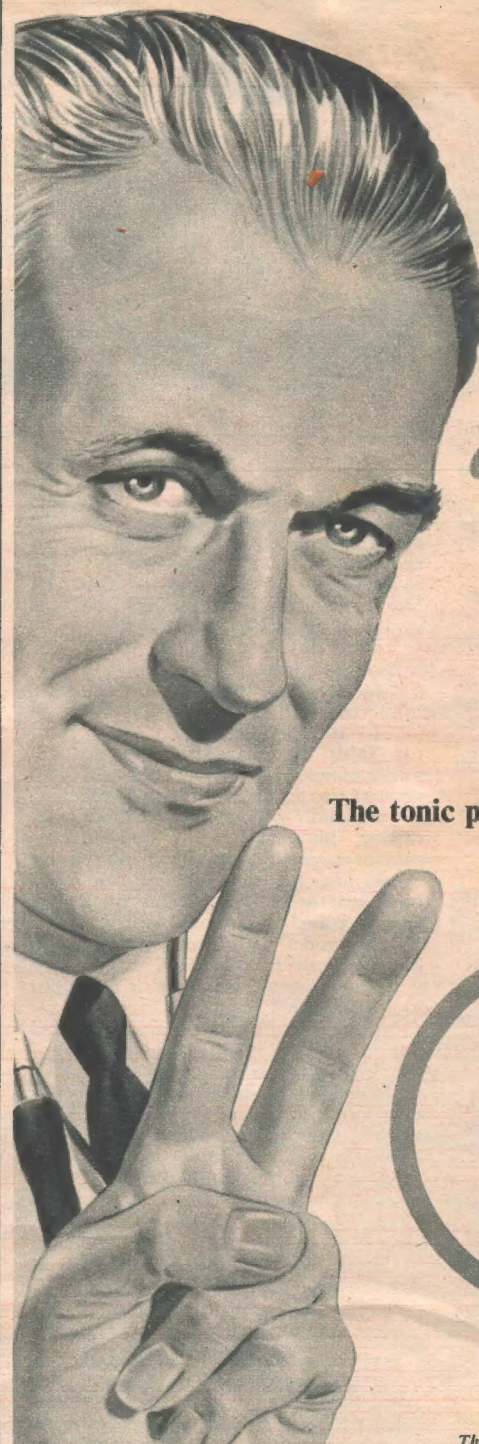
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HUSBAND OF THE LADY ALISHA

Continued from page 14

Sergeant Abdullah's leather holster—and Chafik saw Trad's face darken with the challenge. "Do not wave a flag at a bull; put your pistol away," the inspector said to his assistant without turning his head.

"Give him the gun," Alisha said quietly to her husband.

Chafik looked at the woman gratefully. "A Beretta," he announced as he took the gun. He sniffed at the muzzle. "She has been fired recently—fortunately she cannot hold her tongue and will gossip to ballistics."

Trad shook off his wife's hand and lunged; but the arm of Abdullah fell like a shield, and there were others who had gathered who came to secure him.

"I did not kill Kamil!" Trad shouted as he struggled. "The gun was given me! I told the truth—the truth—"

Chafik's drab eyes were cynical with the experience of many such scenes. "Take him away," he said.

The woman flung herself at Chafik and beat at his chest. "My man did meet a Bedouin!" she cried. "I, too, saw him! Several times."

He put her away. "You are a loyal wife, but the evidence of a wife is neither here nor there when it concerns a husband," he said.

He felt a hand pluck his sleeve and turned wearily; it was Kamil's clerk.

"You will at least check the story?" Said Abbas asked Chafik anxiously.

"But Trad has no witness," the inspector said. "You yourself know how numerous Bedouins are in Baghdad. I cannot question every one." The inspector frowned then, for he remembered the gaunt old Bedouin who had blocked his path outside the scene of the crime.

That Father of Burning Sands who had an appointment with Kamil! thought Chafik. I did not question why he was there at that late hour. Truly, I deserve reprimand!

"Yes, it was very careless of me," he reproved himself aloud. Suddenly aware that Sayed Abbas was looking at him, puzzled, he hid his confusion by saying: "I can do nothing for Trad."

"But the sacrifice he made for his child! Surely—"

"Mr. Abbas, if Trad sold his boots for food, the incident may move a judge to mercy. I will inquire into it. That is all."

"How implacable you are!" the clerk said, and he let go of the inspector's sleeve and stumbled off into the darkness, brushing his eyes.

CHAFIK called after him: "I have not finished with the witness yet. Go to the police station, Mr. Abbas." He ground out his cigarette and said to Sergeant Abdullah: "Take these other people there. I will come later. Like Mr. Abbas, I need a walk."

As he went away, he muttered: "So I'm implacable? Well, what else do they expect? I'm a policeman. . . ."

The inspector walked through narrow streets overhung by balconies. "A policeman!" he repeated to himself in a flat voice. "What a detestable profession! I have seen how Trad lives, but instead of being moved by pity, I use his misfortune to explain why Kamil was killed—but does it? Would you cheat for a few paltry dinars, Mr. Kamil? But you are dead, and I should respect your beard—"

He heard the echo of his voice and slapped his face. "Chafik J. Chafik, why can't you think silently?" he said.

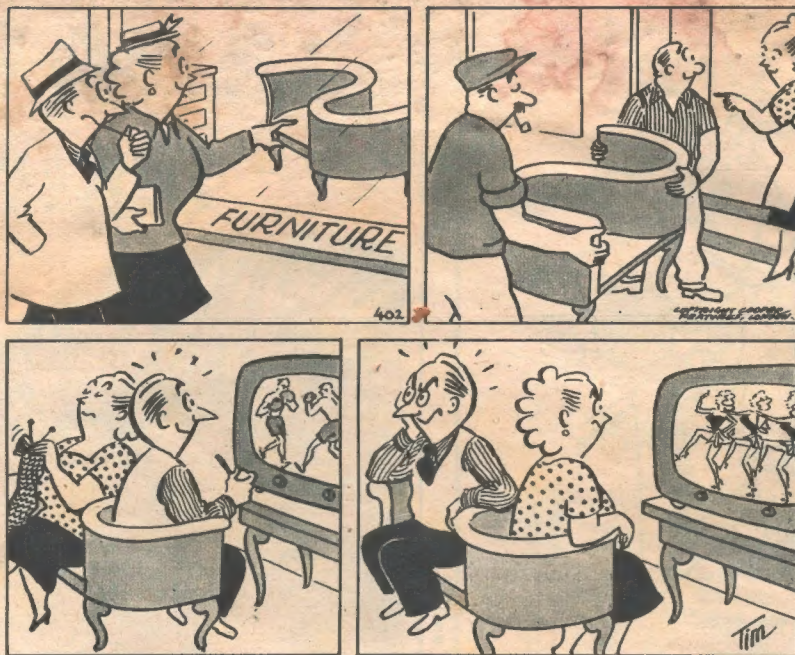
He stopped under an oil lamp set in a scone on a house wall and got out his cigarettes. He was aware of the silence and the shifting shadows and all at once, although the night was warm, he felt cold. There was somebody at his back. He walked on, and when he came to a suitable doorway, he stepped quickly into it and waited.

He expected a footpad; but the man was a Bedouin, and the inspector recognized the gaunt old man as he went by. Chafik stepped forward and tapped him on the shoulder and said: "O Father of Burning Sands! You were the one at Kamil's door—"

The Bedouin turned swiftly. He

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



wore a loose cloak over an undergarment of fine muslin, and his headcloth of grey-printed Paisley hung to his shoulders and partially hid his face. He carried a formidable staff. "You lurk like a snake and you hiss like one," he said, looking at Chafik with leaden eyes. "Why do you follow me?" the inspector asked.

"Because you took Hussain's son."

"What is that to you?"

"I eat Sheikh Hussain's salt. Jabir ibn Jabir they named me. I am my lord's steward," the Bedouin said, and showed Chafik a silver chain of office.

"I salaam to your lord," Chafik said, raising his hand. He finished the salaam casually with his hand on his breast near his shoulder gun. He knew how swiftly a knife could be drawn from a robe.

Jabir said: "I did not follow you to kill you, only to ask why Trad—"

"The evidence says he killed your lord's lawyer."

"If he killed because he was cheated out of money, it was a just killing," the Bedouin said.

"Tribal law—an eye for an eye—does not extend to Baghdad," Chafik said. "Now tell me why you knew the money was not paid."

Sheik Hussain's steward took a paper from his pouch. "The lady sent a letter," he said. "It grieved my lord," he added with an old man's sadness.

Chafik held the letter to the street light. Alisha had written:

"In the name of the Compassionate One, take Trad back into your tents, and his son, too, to be raised as a sheik's grandson. Then I, displeased to you, will go hence, asking nothing. By God I declare never will I show my face to my man or my son! Better my heart breaks than they be destroyed by poverty. . . ."

"Hussain wrote to Kamil, his lawyer, asking why the allowance had not been paid," said the steward. "There was no reply, so he sent me to Baghdad—"

"And when you saw the poverty of Trad, you were angered?"

"I did not know until just now how Trad lived. I did not take vengeance on a cheating lawyer, as you suggest," said the shrewd old man.

"A desert man is alleged to have given a message, and a gun, to Trad tonight—"

"I was not that man."

Chafik said softly: "I am beginning to understand. There are new threads to go into the pattern." His hands made the motions of weaving, as if he fed the loom of his brain. "An unpaid allowance, a gentlewoman's letter, the curious discourtesy of a lawyer who did not answer his client—and this lawyer, a hard man, severe in justice, as witness the youth who transgressed. . . . A

thread forgotten: it was very remiss of me to forget the youth. He stole such a small sum, but the harshness of the punishment caused him to threaten his employer with a knife."

"Do you talk to me or another?" Jabir asked roughly.

"Eh? I talked? Oh, that unconquerable habit!"

A whistle shrilled in the distance, another nearer, and then others came in rapid succession. "This arpeggio opens a police symphony," the inspector said absently. He apologized to Sheikh Hussain's steward and took him by the arm and hurried him along.

They followed the strident call to a dead-end lane not far from the wasteland where the homeless, and Trad, lived. Here a brazier had been set up, and a tangy odour of barbecued fish, saffron rice and heated oil filled the air. A man lay sprawled by this wayside kitchen and a small crowd was being hustled away by the patrols.

"Who did this?" the inspector asked, looking down.

The police told him they did not know. "He is a street vendor and, being a vendor of food, he must have many enemies. One came and stabbed him just now." And another added: "He made hard bargains."

"What is his name?"

"Sadi Salah," a constable said.

Chafik repeated it and said: "I know that name. Yes, this one was a hard bargainer." He bent to examine the corpse. "Swiftly and decently killed," he announced, and then added in a worried voice, "but his feet are rubbed clean; he must have worn boots recently. Furthermore, I was told that he did have boots—Trad's! Compassionate One! Why did I forget?" He rapped his head with his signet ring, and his eyes were opaque like the stone. . . .

THE police station had a sour smell, and Inspector Chafik sprinkled orange water on his handkerchief. He had commandeered the only office, a bare room with a brick floor. A table-top on trestles served as a desk, and there were a few chairs.

He read a report from the police laboratory. The experts stated that the gun taken from Trad had killed Kamil. "I can no more doubt ballistics than I can doubt the infallibility of fingerprints," said the inspector. "However, science is not human, and I am." He turned out the ceiling light and adjusted the green shade of the desk lamp so that he stood in shadow. "Lighting is so important when one creates illusion," he explained to Sergeant Abdullah.

"Sir?"

"You are about to witness a play."

"Sir?"

"I have a plot in mind with a more pleasant ending than the one suggested

by ballistics. Unfortunately, there is no script, and I must improvise." The little man made an actor's gesture and said: "Bring in the actors!"

Mahmud Ali, the beggar of the Street of the Servant of the Prophet, was ushered in, along with the wife of Trad, carrying her son. Sayed Abbas followed: then came Jabir ibn Jabir, steward of Sheikh Hussain. And then the door opened for a plump and surly youth, at whose appearance Chafik raised neat eyebrows. "I do not know this one," he complained.

Sergeant Abdullah said: "You ordered his detention, sir, and so I paraded him. He is named Farisi—"

"Ah, yes! Mohammed Farisi, the office boy who was so harshly dealt with by Mr. Kamil. Poor adolescent!" Chafik added, shaking his head.

The door opened again, and the last to enter was Trad, Sheikh Hussain's son, wearing handcuffs.

The inspector looked at the group and his face softened only for the child in the mother's lap. "So late for him," he said solicitously. "I trust his digestion is better?"

"He is well," Alisha answered from the folds of her chader.

"I am relieved. At that age they resemble clocks, and a foreign body on the balance wheel inevitably stops the works. However, your son's stomach provided a clue, madame."

The inspector took out a cigarette and rolled it between thumb and forefinger. The light of the desk lamp sharpened his cheekbones and darkened the hollows of his eyes. He peered from the web of shadows like a spider. "Hanna Kamil is not with us," he announced. "He has a prior appointment with the corpse washers. And also not answering the roll call is the phantom who, Trad claims, gave him the gun."

The sheik's son rattled his handcuffs. "You mock me!" he said.

"A veiled man who had only a voice," the inspector insisted.

"I would recognize the voice!" Trad shouted. "He was a Bedouin, and—"

ONE rap on the desk silenced him. "Bedouins!" Chafik cried with mounting anger. "Must I parade Bedouins to please you? Can't you be satisfied with this one?" He tilted the lamp and the light fell on Jabir ibn Jabir.

The gaunt old man did not blink. He said in measured tones: "Next time you walk alone in Baghdad, I shall come silently and go silently, and you thereafter will always be silent."

His master's son said: "Cover your mouth, old man! I rode on your knee before I rode a horse. You did not give me the gun!" Trad looked away from the inspector as he added coldly: "One does not hope for justice from a policeman."

The inspector rose on tiptoe. "Mr. Abbas!" he shrielled at the clerk who had a chair near him. "You, as a law expert, tell this individual the extent of my duty!"

Sayed Abbas polished his glasses thoughtfully. "Yours is the unenviable duty of proving guilt," he said at length.

"And has not Trad's guilt been proved?" Chafik demanded. "Must I also do the work of the investigating judge and extract a confession?" He threw away his unlighted, crumpled cigarette and reached for another. "Or must I hang him personally?" he asked.

The law clerk raised protesting hands and pleaded in a reedy voice: "Surely mercy is also expected of you—"

"Mercy? Do any of us know the meaning of the word?" The little man tilted the desk lamp so that it blinded the plump youth who had once been Kamil's office boy. "What mercy did this one get?" he asked, his voice quiet.

In prison they had taught Mohammed Farisi how to hate, and his voice was thick with it as he said: "Why can't you let me alone?"

The inspector remained silent, and the youth moved uneasily; finally self-pity cracked the shell of defiance and, huddled in the chair, choked with

tears, Farisi said: "I did nothing! I did nothing!"

The light on him was merciless and so was Chafik's voice when he said: "See what happens when a hard man uses the lash instead of the reproachful, parental hand. Oh, yes! Hanna Kamil was quite a hard man, and that is why he died." He waited and then added absently: "The slaying of Sadi Salah, the food vendor, also comes into the story. He died because a man pawned his boots." The tilted lamp moved to pick out Mahmud Ali, the beggar of the Street of the Servant of the Prophet. "Stand up!" Chafik commanded.

Mahmud Ali whined: "Your honour, what have I done? I told the truth about the man running—"

"Did the noise of his running awaken you?"

The beggar said indignantly: "I was meditating, not sleeping. The cursed birds disturbed me with their impious cries, and when I looked up, Trad had gone. He made no sound—"

"No sound," Chafik repeated. "So you corroborate the evidence of a baby's stomach, O Father of Lamentations! Trad was barefooted when he went to Kamil's office."

As the words echoed in the silent room, the inspector looped the cord of the desk lamp around his foot, jerked and plunged the room into darkness. "How clumsy of me!" he exclaimed, and knelt down to find the plug.

Fumbling, he went on casually: "Mr. Abbas, in your evidence why did you say Trad wore boots? You even stressed it, and told me of the clatter he made coming down the office stairs."

"I was mistaken," Abbas whispered. "You were," Chafik said conversationally, still kneeling. "Your watch had stopped, and you returned later than you had planned. Trad was already some distance down the street by then, and in the fading light you did not see him clearly. Therefore you described him as you last saw him: Trad at his prayers with his boots at his side, as they would be when a Moslem talks with God."

There was the noise of a chair being pushed back. "Your detailed mind, Mr. Abbas!" Chafik said: "You remember too much!"

"O Merciful One! Merciful One!" the clerk exclaimed.

"I might never have thought of the boots if the food vendor had not been killed. Of course it would seem essential to stop his evidence. There was nothing really conclusive about the child's upset stomach. . . . The inspector waited. He was still kneeling, ready to slip the plug into the socket.

"Really, fate has been too cruel," he went on. "It could happen to any one of us. A normally honest man is trusted by his employer with certain payments. He is tempted and embezzles. All goes well until Trad's wife writes to her father-in-law, and he sends an inquiring letter to his lawyer. The embezzler intercepts it, but this is only a stopgap. Jabir ibn Jabir is on the way, and Mr. Kamil's harshness is notorious; witness the youth whose crime was so petty. . . . Chafik sighed. His pity was for the man in the web.

"So Kamil must die. He is shot while he sits at his desk. He is tranquil because he has no reason to fear the old employee who stands behind him. Useful clues are scattered. And then the murderer puts on the robes of a Bedouin over his Western clothes, an excellent disguise needing neither a false beard nor facial padding, and he goes and gives the gun to the young man he has selected for his crime—"

A chair was overturned with a crash. "What are you saying?" Said Abbas cried. "O Merciful One! What are you saying?" The reedy voice changed to a deep bass before it was cut off.

Trad shouted: "That is the voice of the Bedouin!"

"Yes, that is the voice, this man's second voice," Chafik said. "He came to you veiled in anonymity, and I veiled him in darkness so that you would know him again. Yes, here is the poor fool whom death tempted."

The inspector plugged the lamp into its socket.

THE END

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£25: H. High, 51 Edilom Road, Manchester: FROM DOWN UNDER—GERMANY'S RUBBLE, "ANTS" APPEARED.

OTHER AWARDS: £10: Mrs. S. Wyche, Sandford Bank, Broomhall, Nantwich: MONEY DOWN THE DRAIN—ATOM? FEEDING "GRID," SOON!

£9: V. Wheaton, 8 Gloucester Crescent, Armley, Leeds: MANKIND'S STORY—RELIEVED BY OCCASIONAL "POETRY," £8: A. L. Farthing, 56 Green Lane, New Eltham, London, S.E.9: ROUND THE WARD—SHARED FRUIT, BOOKS, PAIR, £7: L. F. Gleig, 6 Longstone View, Berwick-upon-Tweed: HER BEAUTY—GRANDMA'S YEARS HAVE UNDERLINED, £6: T. G. Fenwick, 6 Lee Villas, Lee Street, Hull: HANGING ON THE STRAP—SITTING YOUTH DESERVES, GRANDMA! £5: M. Barnicoat, 25 St. Clare Street, Penzance: IN SOME MYSTERIOUS WAY—ALFIE'S ALGEBRA "EQUALLED" LIONEL'S! £4: C. V. Cleaton, 20 Bath Street, Rugby: IN SOME MYSTERIOUS WAY—ATHEIST'S WARMED, CLOTHED, FED!

(Each winner from £50 to £5 receives also a Christmas Turkey.)

For to winners of £2 10s. plus Christmas Turkey see "Bullets" Bulletin. Winners of 25 Christmas Fowls have been notified and 1,500 "Good Shots" have also been posted.

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GRAND CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY OFFER

FOR "BULLETS"!

1,570 PRIZES THIS WEEK PLUS
GIANT 25-ITEM HAMPER!£300 Plus SUPER
HAMPER£25 Plus SUPER
HAMPER £10 Plus SUPER
HAMPER

£9 £8 £7 £6 3 of £5

10 of £2.10 50 "Bullets"
Seasons 1,500
"GOOD SHOTS"SURREY
FOWLS A fine roasting fowl as bonus accompanies each cash prize of £8 and under won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.25
XMAS
EXTRAS

Fine 5-lb. Surry Fowl, Plum Pudding, Fruit Cake, Tin of Peaches, Peas, Cheese, Mushroom and Tomato Soups, Apples, Oranges and Nuts, Bourbon Biscuits, Ovaltine, Honey, Marmalade, Tin of Pineapple, Custard Powder, Golden Syrup, Luncheon Meat, Drinking Chocolate, Sardines, Tea, Box of Chocolates, Cigarettes and a BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE.

£600 WON OUTRIGHT—CROSSWORD 860

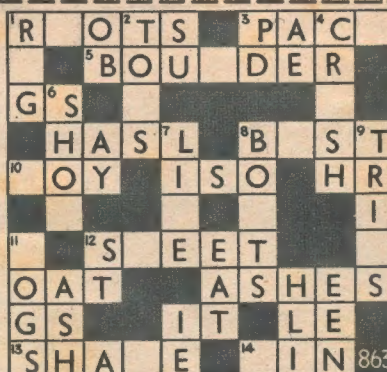
WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1. Hurt. 3. Swag. 6. Waster. 7. Piles. 9. Shoo. 12. Carp. 14. Dupe. 15. Posh. DOWN: 2. Race. 3. Seats. 4. Gun. 5. Top. 8. Swell. 10. Store. 11. Cold. 13. Pat.
£600 FIRST PRIZE WINNER: J. A. Davies, 12 Heywood Road, Liverpool.
£100 Second Prize shared by 45 entrants. £50 Third Prize shared by 394 entrants.

(Above result is reprinted for the sake of readers who missed last week's "John Bull." Result of Crossword 861 is due next week.)

CHRISTMAS
XWORD £500 CASH FOR
NEW YEAR

£400 FIRST PRIZE—£60 Second Prize—£40 Third Prize
THIS WAY TO WIN First complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter one extra Answer to any one, two, three or four Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

- | Across | CLUES FOR XWORD 863 | Down |
|--|---|------|
| 1. Way these develop is sometimes due to shortage of essential food | 1. Kiddies sometimes find old one just the thing during Christmas fun | |
| 3. Keeping one may well prove costlier than people expected | 2. Some children grumble if given these as Christmas presents | |
| 5. Slippery one may cause young feet to stumble | 4. This on suburban line may make city worker late home | |
| 8. Sculptor sometimes finds he's got to make this of some public figure | 6. Casting of one is sometimes the cause of a failure | |
| 10. What kiddie will probably find in his Christmas stocking | 7. That of a test pilot is never without danger | |
| 12. May appear as cold as ice | 8. They get a dusting now and again | |
| 13. It's difficult to get this without light of some kind | 9. Close co-operation of players makes successful ones possible | |
| 14. As long as there's plenty of this, people are inclined to think their Christmas party is a success | 11. No wonder postmen detest them | |



Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to one Clue will represent two full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Extra Answers to two Clues=4 Squares, 1s.; to three Clues=8 Squares, 2s.; to four Clues=16 Squ



Round off a Wonderful Year with a Wonderful Christmas Gift

This eventful year calls for something special in the way of Christmas gifts.

What better than a Biro—a gift to remember in a year to remember. The range of Biro pens gives abundant scope to choose a model exactly suited to individual tastes and requirements.

● Biro '11'

The quality of this Biro model is evident. The shining case and gleaming cap in tarnish-proof metal proclaims quality in no uncertain measure. Here's a full-size pen that makes a gift you can be proud to give.

PRICE 16/9d.

● The Biro 'Snap Action' Retractable

The Retractable is the handiest ballpoint pen you can buy. One-hand pressure on the clip snaps out the point. A quick flick with the thumb sends the point back. The action is positive and easy. There is nothing to go wrong.

PRICE 4/6d.

● Retractable de Luxe

Housed in a handsome case with tarnish-proof clip and mount. Press-button action brings the point out, pressure on the clip retracts it. It is impossible to return the pen to your pocket with the point extended, and the refill is quickly fitted.

PRICE 8/3d.

The Exclusive Biro Ink

Biro 'Blue 66' is truly remarkable. Available for all Biro Controlled Flow Refills. 'Blue 66' ink dries almost instantaneously and THEN is smudge proof, non-transferable, light-fast and permanent.

● Biro Corona

This neat little Biro has already demonstrated that it fills a genuine need. Slim, elegant, attractive in its gleaming case and tarnishproof metal finishings, Corona is a gift that will be warmly appreciated by everyone.

PRICE 6/3d.

● The New Citizen

With the new 'Gift' look. It's a pleasure to look at the new Citizen, it's so bright, so well designed, so attractive, and a pleasure to write with it too. It gives you reliable service day in, day out. This handsome pen makes a grand Christmas gift.

PRICE 3/7d.

Biro

THE BALLPOINT PEN WITH THE "Controlled Flow" REFILL